THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXI.—No. 1438

JULY 8, 1931

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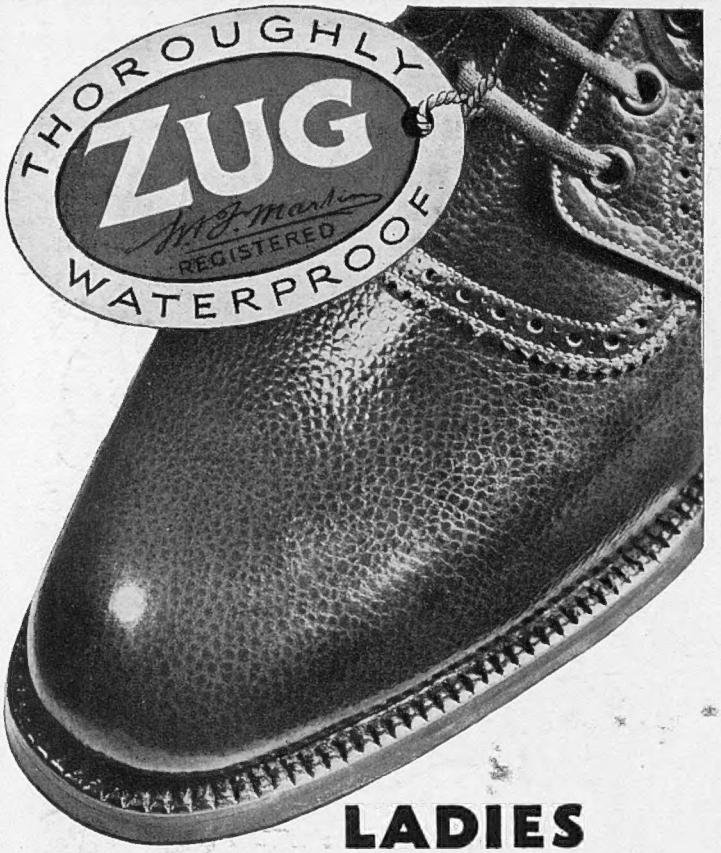

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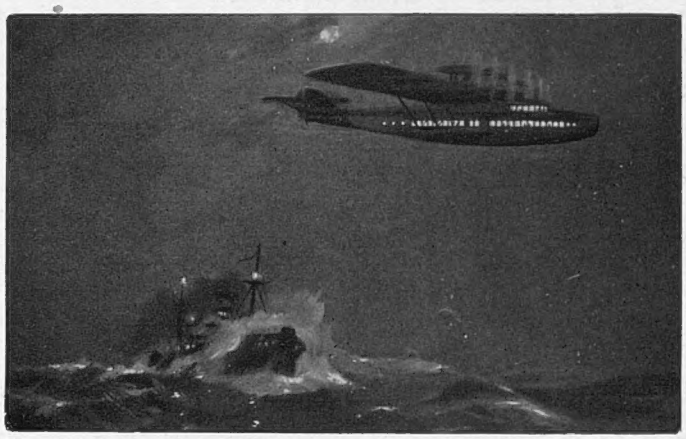

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead tha. her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by

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The Bystander, July 8, 1931 No. 1438 Vol. CXI

the BYSTANDER

MRS. DUDLEY WARD

A recent camera study of one of the most attractive and well-known women in Society. Mr. Paul Tanqueray, who is responsible for this pleasing study, is now holding an exhibition of his photographs at his Dover Street studio

LORDS and COMMONS LADIES at Walton Heath

THE annual Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association match between the Lords and the Commons was a big success this year and resulted in another victory for the Commons. The latter played one short and Miss Dudley Ryder therefore walked over for the Lords, who lost by 10 games to 15

Below: The Marchioness of Carisbrooke presenting the cup to Mrs. Robert Fleming, who captained the Commons against the Lords in the annual match held by the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A.

The competitors in the recent House of Lords Ladies versus House of Commons Ladies match at Walton Heath photographed after the play. The Commons were again successful, winning by fifteen matches to ten

The Hon. Esmé Glyn, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Wolverton, who played for the Lords, with her opponent, Lady Jowitt, the wife of the Attorney-General. Lady Jowitt was among the fifteen successful Commons players

Mrs. S. Hankey (Commons) and her opponent, Lady Cholmondeley, on their way to the first tee during the annual match at Walton Heath. Lady Cholmondeley registered a victory for the Lords

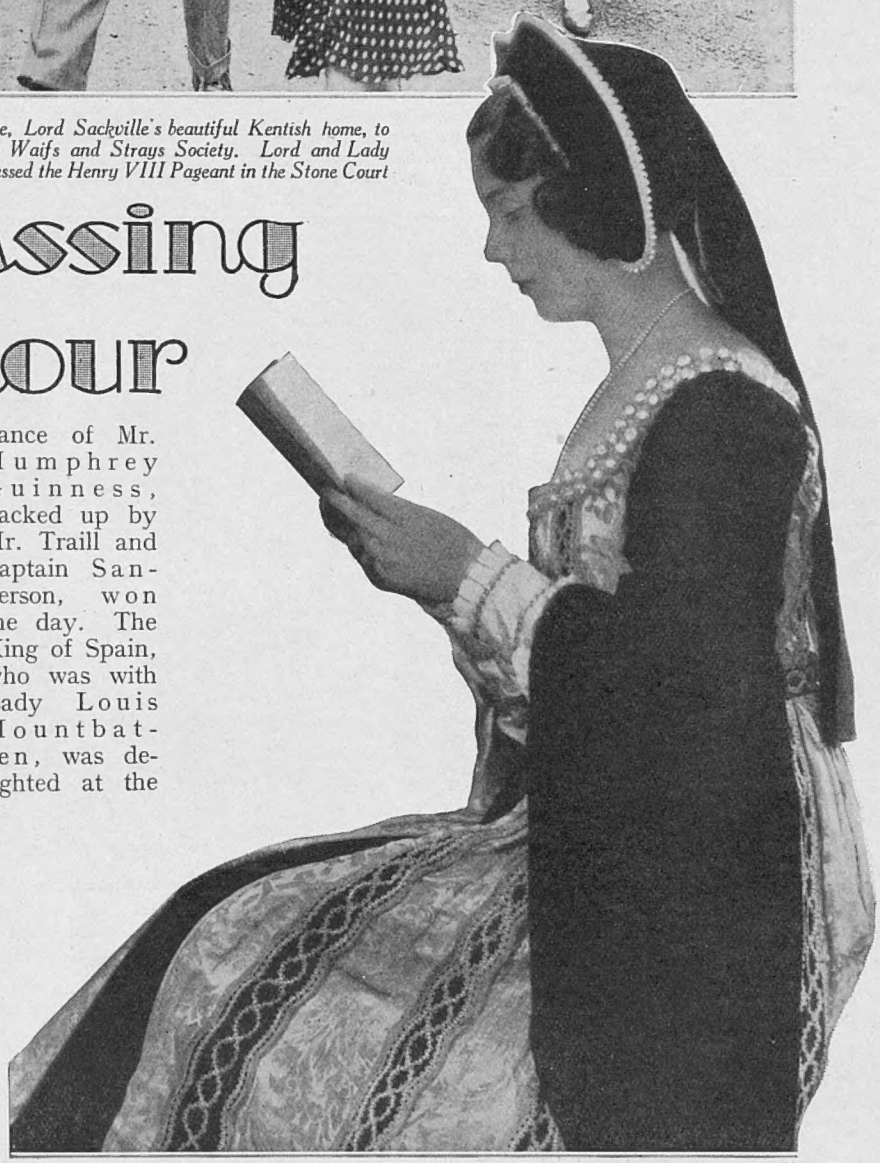
Princess Arthur of Connaught arriving at Knole, Lord Sackville's beautiful Kentish home, to open the fête held in the grounds in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. Lord and Lady Sackville are seen with Princess Arthur, who witnessed the Henry VIII Pageant in the Stone Court

the passing hour

THE Season continues to go from strength to strength. Wimbledon, Henley, the Test Match and the racing at Newmarket last week; the Varsity Match, Eton v. Harrow, and Hurlingham and Ranelagh this week, have given and continue to give one an embarrassing series of choices. Coming back one day from Wimbledon—of which more anon—I shared a taxicab with a young man on leave from India. "There is so much to do that it makes me quite dizzy," he said dolefully.

IT is really quite difficult to know where to begin in the account of the happenings of the last few days. I went to Hurlingham on the day when Merchiston defeated the Hurricanes in the final of the Open Challenge Cup by six goals to four. There was drama for you. Two penalties given against the Hurricanes were what really decided the match. The Hurricanes, led by Mr. Laddie Sanford, were riding ponies that cost anything from £600 to £2,000 apiece.

THE ponies of Merchiston could not have cost more than £200 apiece at the very outside. But the safety of Captain Scott-Robson and the brilliance of Mr. Humphrey Guinness, backed up by Mr. Traill and Captain Sanderson, won the day. The King of Spain, who was with Lady Louis Mountbatten, was delighted at the



Yevonde

Lady Diana Wellesley as she appeared as the Duchess of Norfolk in the Henry VIII Pageant at Knole last week. She is the elder daughter of the third Earl Cowley and a half-sister of the present Earl, who is well known on the stage as Arthur Wellesley

WIMBLEDON IN RETROSPECT

result, patting Captain Scott-Robson on the shoulder and congratulating him with the greatest enthusiasm.

S

KING ALFONSO was also in evidence at Wimbledon again. "I was afraid that perhaps you were a Republican and did not wish to see me," he told Lili de Alvarez the other day. "So I was glad when I saw you smile at me." Lili de Alvarez, three days before Wimbledon began, was up in a hut with fourteen men at 8,000 feet above sea level. She was doing the out-of-doors scenes in a new German film, which will be a sequel to the Pitz Palu film. She is the heroine, and the hero is the man who was the guide in the other picture. This may, indeed, be her last Wimbledon. For soon she goes to Hollywood.

A photograph taken at the recent Period Ball of the Royal Dublin Society, at which Viscountess Powerscourt acted as hostess. The group comprises Viscountess Powerscourt, the French Minister, the Belgian Consul-General, Mrs. McGilligan, Mme. Alphaud, Mrs. Hugh Kennedy, Mrs. Montgomery, Mlle. Suzanne Alphaud, Mrs. Leigh-White, Mrs. D. O'Sullivan, M. André Alphaud, Mrs. Hugh Meade and Mr. J. Montgomery

Hay Wrightson

THE DUCHESS OF OPORTO

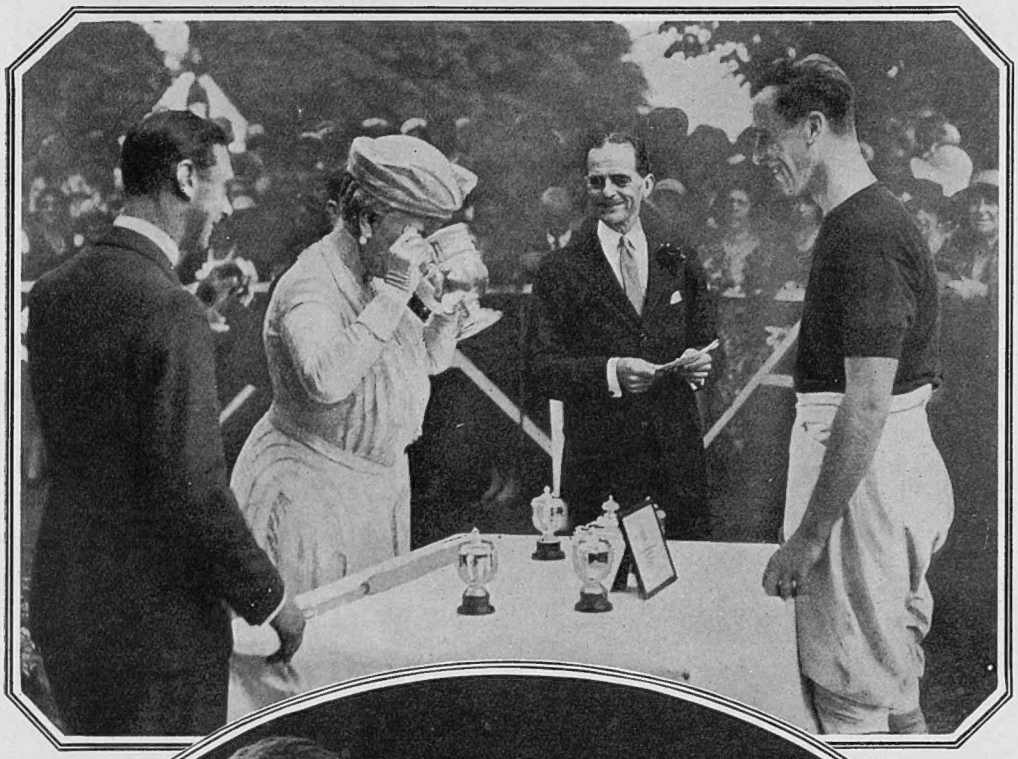
Who is on a visit to London. Her husband, the third Duke, is a cousin of ex-King Manoel, the title being first established in 1833 for the second son of the then reigning monarch

Lady Astor showing the American Goodwill Children round the House of Commons during their visit to this country on a tour of Friendship. They represent the 20,000,000 American children who are members of the United States Flag Association

S

WIMBLEDON has indeed been an exciting place. There is nothing in the world to compare with the vast in-drawn sigh when a Centre Court match has reached the point where a single stroke will decide a big contest. There was just such a sigh when Perry, who had fought gallantly against Wood, was about to be beaten in the fourth set. There was a similar sigh in the match between Borotra and Frank Shields. That was perhaps the biggest

ROYALTY AT RANELAGH



In the upper photograph Her Majesty is seen at Ranelagh drinking from the Duke of York's Challenge Cup, and in the lower one presenting it to Lord Louis Mountbatten, the captain of the victorious Royal Navy team, whilst the Duke of York looks on. The Royal Navy won a closely fought game by four goals to three, and thus recorded their third victory since the contest was instituted in 1928

sigh of all. Borotra is such a favourite with everyone.

S

In the match between Cilli Aussem and Mlle. Payot, the dark horse of Switzerland (if that is the right word), it was hard to tell whom the public wanted to win. Cilli is very popular, but the courage of the Swiss girl appealed to everybody, too. No patriotic feelings could be aroused among the English crowd, either in this match or that on Court One, where the Japanese pair fought gallantly against Brugnon and Cochet. In the match that followed, the ingenuity of Mrs. Satterthwaite and Miss Thomas against Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall and Betty Nuthall aroused a fever of enthusiasm.

S

The English affection for the supposedly weaker combination could not have been better exemplified than by the Test Match. Criticism of Jardine for not putting in sloggers first for the final innings was tempered by the knowledge that these misguided tactics saved the New Zealanders from defeat after a most gallant display. Incidentally, if A. P. F. Chapman had captained England, we might not only have won; we would also have had the unprecedented situation of the English Test captain's wife being the sister of the rival captain. For Mrs. Chapman was formerly Miss Lowry, the sister of the illustrious Tom.

S

Not surprisingly, the dance clubs and restaurants have been more crowded than ever. Even the confident Sovrani has been astonished by the success of the Malmaison. On Monday nights it has been

Marian Lewis

Miss Isabel McCreery, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, of Burlinghame, San Francisco, who is on a visit to London with her parents. She is said to be the finest horsewoman in California. Her father races a great deal in both England and France

MORE "INTIMATE" PICTURES: PERSONALITIES

as crowded as on Thursdays. The other evening I saw Mayfair's five best-known young married couples there. They were Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lord and Lady Brecknock, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton.

MEANTIME, Sovrani has made it permissible now for the guests at his original venture, Sovrani's, to dine and dance in day clothes. "I only wish someone would come and dance in plus-fours," he said to me, "then everyone would follow suit, so to speak. At the moment it is hard to persuade them to come in anything less formal than dinner-jackets." The truth of the matter is that, as in everything else, all that is needed is for someone to give the lead.

Lady Melchett (left), the Chairman of the "I'm Glad I Went" Ball Committee at the Savoy, with the Marchese and Marchesa Marconi. The ball was held in aid of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital

Busy with the "book of words": Mr. Simon Elwes and the Hon. Nancy Freeman-Mitford at the "I'm Glad I Went" Ball. The latter is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale

THE Ritz continues to be as smart as ever at luncheon time. Lady Lavery daringly wearing a red hat on top of her red hair; Mr. Evelyn Waugh in an Old Etonian tie (or so it looked), worn with Bohemian carelessness; Mr. Frank Pakenham receiving further congratulations on his engagement; John de Forest, the runner-up in the Amateur Golf Championship, talking to Major Hezlett; Lady Patricia Moore; her mother, Kathleen Lady Drogheda; Mrs. Olive Pearce, the former Lady Inverclyde; and Lili de Alvarez, again all testified to the cosmopolitanism of this new-old rendezvous.

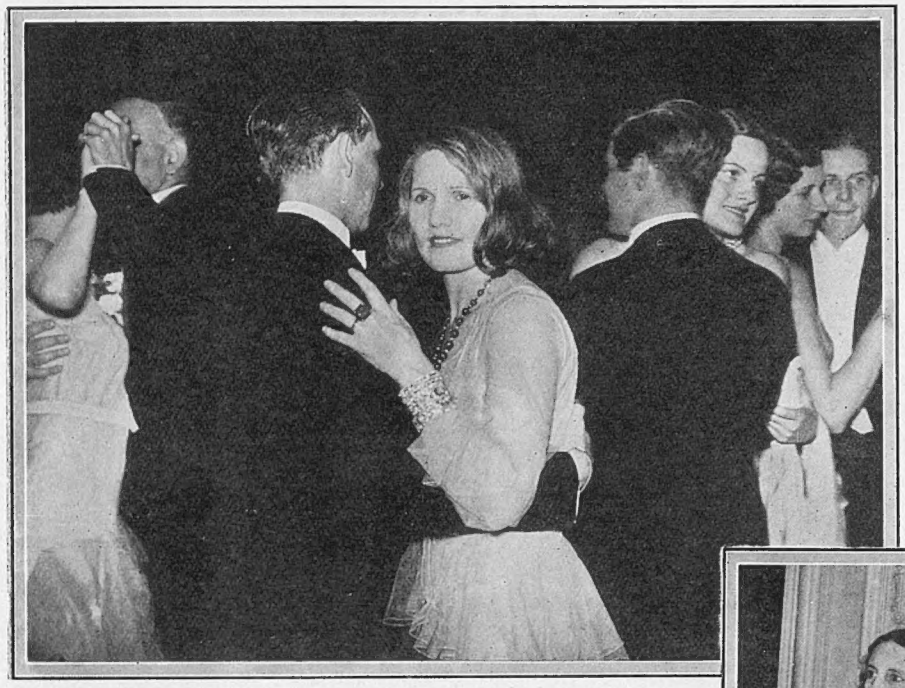
POOR Frankie Leveson! He was very popular, and his death came as a great blow to young Mayfair, which for more than a year now has been happily free of casualties. He danced beautifully, so often with Lady Plunket, and was winning rapid fortune as an interior decorator. One of the most recent houses he did was that of Lord and Lady Dufferin—one of the most charming in London.

BRIDGE players will mourn the death, in a liner, of Mr. Wilbur Whitehead, the famous

Photographs *Sasha*

Invitation to dance: Miss Margaret Whigham, one of the prettiest girls in Society, and Mr. Greville Worthington about to tread a measure at the Savoy

AT THE "I'M GLAD I WENT" BALL



Above: Lady Melchett takes a little time off from her duties as Chairman of the Ball Committee to enjoy a turn on the dance floor

Right: Mrs. Frank D'Arcy and Capt. Hume watching the cabaret at the "I'm Glad I Went" Ball. All those present agreed that the ball fully justified its name

Photographs

Miss Patricia Villiers-Stuart in her costume as the Duchess of Buckingham, the character she represented in Douglas Byng's production of "Cabaret Through the Ages," which proved a great success

Sasha

Miss Fay Compton, the famous actress, enjoying a joke at the Savoy. She is at present playing in "Autumn Crocus," the play at the Lyric, in which she has scored so big a personal success

American bridge player, who invented the informatory double. He was Chairman of the Card Committee of the Cavendish Club of New York, which corresponds to the Portland Club over here, and in his day had been the leading authority on whist, too. These are morbid thoughts, though, in this fine weather. Let us turn to something less depressing.

S

HENLEY, and consequently Newmarket, were both blessed with admirable sunshine. Not being a member of Phyllis Court, I did not go to the first-named place, for, unless you belong to this admirable club, it is really too much of a toss-up over the weather. But the First July Meeting at Newmarket was the greatest fun. It is held over the summer course, with a shady spinney at the back of the Members' Stand, and a charming informality about it all which cannot be reproduced anywhere else.

S

LORD HAREWOOD wore white flannel trousers. Lord Lonsdale wore riding breeches. The King wore a white bowler hat, a grey suit, and a pair of his usual white gloves with the three rows of black stitching on the back. Twenty or thirty years ago every smart young men wore them, I am told. To-day the King alone wears them, and, presumably, has to have them specially made for him. I am surprised that some American manufacturer has not copied them in the past ten or twenty years and exploited them in the smart glove shops of New York and Philadelphia.

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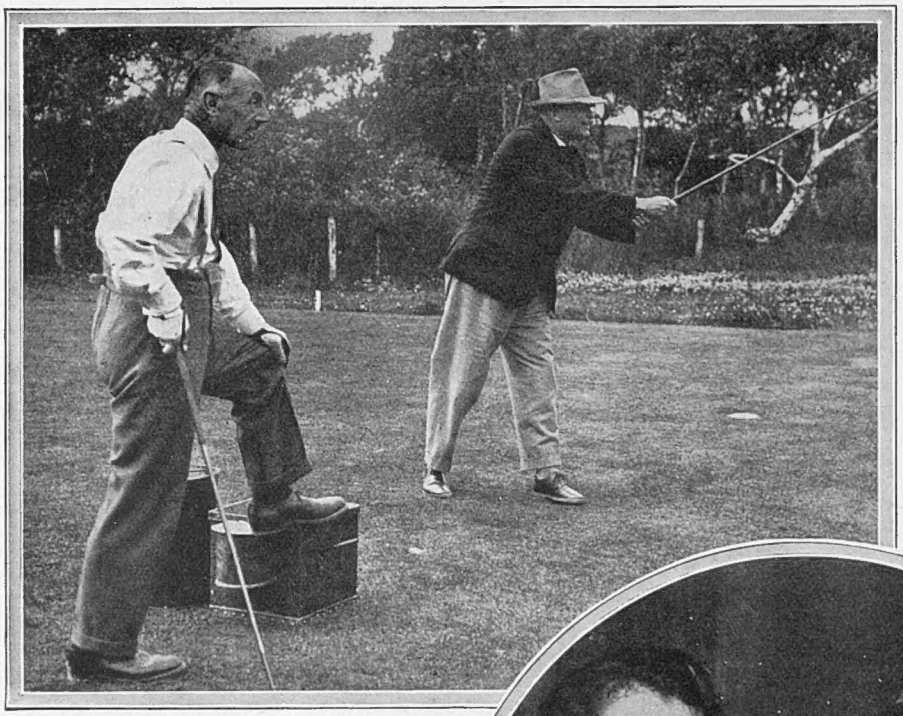
AMONG the women at Newmarket were the Duchess of Newcastle.

HORSES WHICH WILL WIN YOU MONEY



Lord Jellicoe, in the foreground, enjoying a round of golf on the links at Le Touquet, which he visited following the unveiling of the statue of Earl Haig at Montreuil. The captain of Wentworth Golf Club, Virginia Water, he plays a very steady game

The Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley seen at the cocktail party held at the former's house in South Street to discuss arrangements for the Garden Ball. This ball, which is in aid of Disabled Officers' Garden Homes, takes place at the May Fair Hotel to-morrow, July 9

Miss Ruth Mill, who is being presented to Their Majesties by her mother, Mrs. W. H. Mill, of Edinburgh, at the Afternoon Drawing Room at the Palace of Holyrood House to-day, July 8. Her father is the Solicitor to the Scottish Office

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

SWISS MISS carried a pile of money at Newmarket, but was not quite so fast from the gate as Great Scot and Sonometer. This French bred filly has improved a lot since winning at Kempton in May, and Newmarket losses will be recovered.

PURPLE SHADOW was backed by the professionals at Newmarket. Was not concerned with the finish, but should be noted for future engagements.

GAY LORD was an unlucky loser to the game Hill Cat. Was one of the best backed horses in the race and can be followed with confidence.

ACCRA was practically left at Sandown and had to make up much ground to finish fourth. Was the medium of a plunge later at Wolverhampton and gained second position only. Very fit and should be followed.

FIRST PRINCIPLE was supported like a certainty at Wolverhampton and was an unlucky loser. Very near thing at the finish, First Principle being in front a stride past the post.

QUARRELSOME is such an improved two-year-old that he is confidently selected to win the Usk Plate at Chepstow on Friday.

in a blue and white spotted foulard; Lady Durham, in blue and white crêpe de Chine; Lady Ellesmere, Lady Jane and Lady Mary Egerton in figured crêpe de Chine; Lady Helena Wentworth-Fitzwilliam was in blue-and-white flowered chiffon. Speaking generally, however, there were more tailored suits than chiffon dresses, despite the warm weather. Tradition dies hard in England.

S

So successful was the Aix-les-Bains polo season last year that the promoters have persevered in their enterprise, and Friday, Sunday, and Wednesday ought to see some very dashing play indeed there. Besides "The Blue Birds" and "The Lions," there will be the three Army teams which swept all before them at the Vichy Tournament. Nowadays, Continental spas are becoming younger and younger in the attractions they offer. Only the invalids really remember what it was that started their vogue and popularity.

S

Princess Marie Louise was still not well enough to attend the Queen Charlotte dinner at the Savoy Hotel recently. So Princess Helena Victoria agreed to take her place. Lady Salisbury and Lady Howard de Walden were the co-hostesses, and Sir Thomas Horder and Sir John Simon both promised to make speeches. Ian Hay did, too. Queen Charlotte's only rival in enterprise is the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. And only Queen Charlotte's knows how much it owes to Mr. Seymour Leslie's organising gifts and flair for arousing public sympathy and public attention.

S

On page 92 of this issue one of the captions relating to photographs

THREE WEDDINGS AND AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. A. J. McAlpine and his bride, Miss Peggy Sanders, after their wedding at Wrexham Parish Church, with the best man, Mr. J. S. Findlay, the bridesmaids, the Misses Jean Sanders, Jackie and Mary McAlpine, Denice Friend, Doris Reid and Ila Morley and the two little pages, Vivien and Michael Naylor-Layland

Mr. Hilary Maurice Bray and the Hon. Jane James leaving Canterbury Cathedral after their wedding last week The bride is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Northbourne, of Betteshanger Park, Eastry, Kent. The Archbishop officiated

Mr. Theodore Bertram Doxford, the only son of Mr and Mrs. A. Ernest Doxford, and his bride, Miss Beatrice Norah Clark, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, of Greenisland, Co. Antrim, leaving St. Patrick's Church, Jordanstown. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore

taken at the unveiling of the Earl Haig Memorial at Montreuil describes two of the distinguished people present as the Earl and Countess of Dudley. Owing to a wrong photograph having been used, this caption, which has been corrected in our later editions, should read: "Major J. Brunel Cohen, of the British Legion, and Mrs. Cohen."

Miss Rosemary Margaret Nicholl, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Peter James Cunliffe Horlick, only son of Sir Ernest Horlick, Bart, and of Jane, Lady Horlick. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of Wargrave-on-Thames

Paul Tanqueray

MISS TERESA JUNGMAN

A recent camera study of one of the most attractive young people in Society. She is a prominent and popular member of the younger set

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. Hello. . . . Good - morning, Baa, darling; how are you looking? . . . Much more important than feeling . . . this time in the season. . . . Yes, she's a marvel . . . they say she makes all her lotions by magic . . . under a full moon and with toads' tails or something. . . . Personally, I prefer . . . but no, I shan't tell you her name. . . .

MARY BURGHLEY has had a daughter, and is so delighted with it. . . . She is to be as lovely as her mother . . . nurse assures me . . . but so far has shown no desire to hurdle. . Yes, that's a bad joke, don't laugh. . . Darling, I look rather nice in my new straw bowler . . but some people! . . . There is a definite art in getting the right angle . . too far over the eye and you look drunk . . . too far on the back of the head and you look daft. .

WEEK-END parties are the only quiet minutes I have enjoyed lately . . . the Sutherlands have had several friends to lovely Sutton Place, including the King of Spain . . . the Whighams have entertained at their Ascot home . . . where we are all going to dance next week . . . and the Cunningham-Reids have been at Six Mile Bottom . . . to where many of their guests fly down . . . as it is an easy landing . . . but, alas! they left us on Monday for Cannes and a lovely villa . . . their two small boys accompanied them. . . . How children travel these days. . . . I hear Anne Dunn, who will be two next September, is going to Canada to her father's ranch. . . . Irene, her mother, adores the life out there, although London hates losing her . . . however, I hear whispers of a wonderful farewell party. . . .

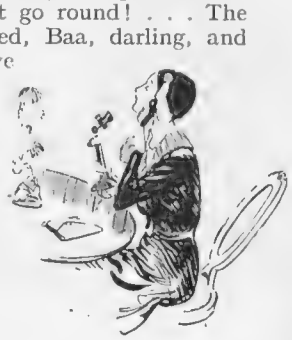
ANNE WELLESLEY is so lovely that it is impossible not to stare at her whenever she appears . . . but I love her vivacious little cousin Pamela, who is so attractive and has a charming sense of humour. . . .

HOW few of the younger beauties know how to make the best of their beauty . . . so many wear the wrong clothes, forget to put their make-up on carefully, and are sometimes definitely untidy! . . Nancy Mitford sets an example they should follow . . . she is always carefully dressed, holds herself well, and chooses the right colours. . . . Mary Pole-Carew is another . . . and "Baby" Jungman is incredibly neat, rather like a lovely ivory miniature. . . . Mary Nunburnholme looked so beautiful at Newmarket . . . all in pale blue . . she gave a children's party last week at Lord Bath's house for her adorable children, Bennie and Charmaine . . . they both love Caroline . . . Daphne Weymouth's darling little daughter . . . and she is their constant companion. . . .

I TORE madly from ball to ball last week. . . . Marjorie Brecknock looked radiant at the success of her League of Mercy Ball . and Audrey Hay was the smartest person there . . her ash-blonde hair is so distinctive. . . At the "Glad I Went" Ball Mythe Leigh's hair in long gold ringlets surprised me until she appeared in Charles II costume . . and then I understood the reason for them. How lovely she is, and so clever and amusing . . . she and Gwen Melchett completely refute the old tradition that fair women are stupid. . . . A very attractive and well-known Society bride has lost her husband to her best friend . . . at the moment she is deciding how she can best steal him back again. . . .

I SAW the clever, pretty wife of the Master of Sempill last week . . . she told me in a whisper that he was away at an air pageant . . . she whispered . . . not because it was a secret, but because she had lost her voice. . . . Eileen Sempill's step-mother . . . the beautiful Lady Lavery . . . is very interested in flying, and often goes down to that charming club, Hanworth. . . . Hazel Lavery is one of the few women who can wear unrelieved grey . . . it is one of her favourite colours . . . like the mauves she so often wears. . . . My dear, I got so sunburnt at Henley, but it was all great fun. . . .

LATER, I tore home to go to Sonia Converse's dance . . . their flat was packed with all the lovely young things. . . . Bridget Poulett was denying her alleged engagement . . . and I thought Leonora Brooke looked very attractive. . . Some women are bad managers. . . . Did you hear, Baa, that at a very smart dinner party of twenty-odd last week . . . the hostess had miscounted and the table and food was arranged for three short! . . . Apart from re-sorting the guests . . . the fish wouldn't go round! . . . The Sales have started, Baa, darling, and up to date I have acquired three evening dresses, two teacloths and a fur coat I don't want! . . . I shall now go after more. . . . I just can't keep away. . . . Good-bye . . . for the present.



MR. C. W. A. SCOTT, A.F.C.

A striking camera study by Howard Coster of the English airman who recently flew to Australia and back in record time, completing the double flight of 22,000 miles in twenty days, and in recognition of this fine feat he has been awarded the Air Force Cross. His performance was the prelude to many remarkable flying achievements by other airmen, culminating in the Atlantic being flown twice in twenty-four hours, and a round-the-world flight in nine days, which more than halved the record set up by the Graf Zeppelin

AT THE PLAY

AN ATTACK ON THE GUTTER PRESS

"Late Night Final," at the Phœnix

MR. LOUIS WEITZENKORN, in *Late Night Final,* has written a play with a purpose. His aim has been to show up the methods of the Yellow Press of America, and the newspaper he has chosen as his horrid example is the *Evening Gazette,* which, when the play starts, is suffering from a defective circulation.

THIS naturally causes concern to the wealthy proprietor, who does not care two spits in a cuspidor what goes into his paper so long as he can make the sales go up. At the offices of the *Evening Gazette* there are conferences between proprietor, editor, publisher and advertising manager. What *will* best sell the filthy rag to the low-class type of American citizen who enjoys most the obscene and the sordid?

WHY not a serial story on the Nancy Voorhees case, which was such a sensation twenty or so years ago? She was a chorus girl who shot her betrayer and to whom a girl-child was born later, and who was declared not guilty of murder by a sentimental American jury.

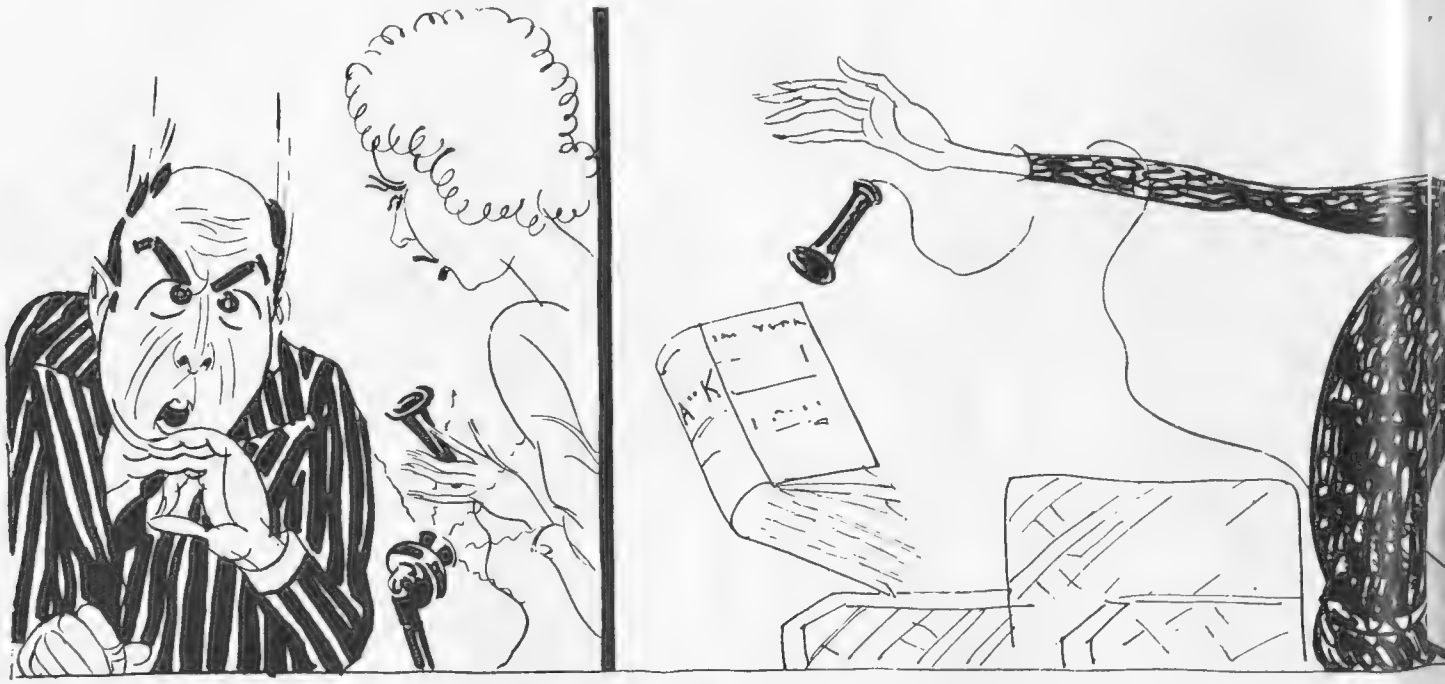
IT rather adds to the interest of the serial story because Nancy is now happily married and has lived down the scandal of her past, and it is up to the newspaper to bring the story bang up to date by turning the search-light of publicity upon her in her quiet retirement.

THIS dirty piece of work is entrusted to the newspaper's "church editor," the Rev. Vernon Isopod, a blackguardly unfrocked parson—why *are* dirty dogs so often called Vernon?—who ferrets out Nancy and finds that her daughter is going to be married the next day. What a "scoop" it would be to warn the parents of the boy about to be married as to the true parentage of the young bride and ask for their views on the subject for publication in the *Evening Gazette!*

NATURALLY, Nancy and her decent little husband would do all in their power to stop the mud-rake stirring up the past, but they are powerless. Nemesis, in the shape of the Gutter Press, has for purposes of gain decreed otherwise, and so tragedy once again enters into Nancy's life.

THE distraught woman, feeling that she cannot face her daughter's unhappiness, when the parents of her fiancé say the marriage cannot take place, drinks poison. Her husband, distracted by his loss, throws himself under a motor lorry, and by the greatest of good luck the *Evening Gazette* secures a photograph of that latter distressing incident and also gets a flashlight of the corpse of Nancy! No wonder when these are

The Rev. Vernon Isopod (Francis L. Sullivan) the "church editor" of a yellow-press rag, who, though unfrocked, dresses in canonicals when doing dirty detective work



The films out-featured! Three scenes in one on the stage of the Phœnix Theatre! In the centre is Mrs. Townsend (Louise Hampton) knowing that the publicity gi the "Evening Gazette" office where, on the left, is Hinchcliffe (Charles Mortimer), the proprietor, refusing to allow his secretary (Pamela May) to put him through w lady, and so informs his secretary (Carol Goodner)

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "LATE NIGHT FINAL," AT THE PHŒNIX THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

published that the proprietor is pleased, the editor congratulated, and that the sales go up a hundred thousand copies. Long live the Gutter Press!

PERSONALLY, I was very sorry that, later on in the play, when Nancy's daughter arrived at the newspaper office with a loaded revolver, she did not shoot the loathsome proprietor and "church editor," though perhaps justice would have been satisfied if she had only wounded the editor-in-chief, who would have been sacked if he had not fallen in with the suggestion of his boss.

BUT no shooting takes place. A comparatively happy ending, quite out of key with the rest of the play, is effected by the girl's fiancé also visiting the newspaper office, and, in effect, saying that "he will never desert Mrs. Micawber."

THIS is a strong play and an interesting play told in a series of scenic snapshots which are most effective, but which, nevertheless, somehow fails in its general effect. Never once throughout the evening did the tragedy seem to go right home to me. Here was that extraordinarily clever actress, Louise Hampton, playing the part of Nancy beautifully. Here was Eliot Makeham, equally good as her distraught husband. Surely to goodness this was a case of "if you have tears prepare to shed them now," and yet for some reason which I cannot fathom I was not in the least perturbed. I found myself throughout admiring their acting, but never once being forced to believe that they were really souls in travail. Somehow or other the author has failed to deliver the goods.

Just to show the type of readers of the "Evening Gazette" we are ntroduced to two ladies of easy virtue, Pearl (Polly Luce) and Trixie (Peggy Baulch)

MR. WEITZENKORN is more at home with the unpleasant characters of the newspaper proprietor, though this part is not too well played by Charles Mortimer, and the unfrocked parson, a greasy libertine, cleverly portrayed by Francis L. Sullivan, while, as usual, as the editor, Raymond Massey gives a brilliant performance and brings out perfectly the rock-bottom decency of a man who finds himself in a cleft stick. Rosemary Ames and J. Gorden make an attractive pair of lovers; Beatrix Lehmann makes much of a snoopy female reporter, and there is effective acting in some of the minor parts.

iven by a newspaper to her long-forgotten criminal trial will wreck her daughter's happiness, telephones to hile on the right the editor, Randall (Raymond Massey), is equally averse from holding converse with the

"What Woman Wants," at the Garrick

MR. WALTER ELLIS, the author of this farce, is not frightened of exaggeration. It runs rampant throughout the entire evening. He splashes on his colours with a heavily charged brush and makes his vulgarians unbelievably vulgar, as a contrast to a viscount and a plebeian daughter, whom he rescued from drowning, who are the very reverse. A dinner-party scene in which the viscount acts as butler recalls a better one in *The Man from Blankley's*. Lawrence Anderson, as the aristocrat, plays with quiet humour, and Renée Kelly is, once again, the embodiment of Renée Kellyism. The vulgarians in the cast assist the author nobly.

V. W.

A "ROUND" GAME — By Manville Keith

"I WONDER you dare show your face here," said Lauretta severely when I called round to take her out to lunch.

"A poor thing, I admit, but mine own," I confessed. "If you really find the sight of it is too much I can always grow a beard."

Lauretta frowned. "It's no laughing matter," she retorted coldly.

"I agree. A matter for admiration, for envy even, yes, but for laughing, no!"

"I'm not talking about your face," she snapped. "It's Tony I'm worried about."

"What's the matter with your young brother?"

"*You* ought to know. He was with you from five-thirty to eight-forty-five last night, and you sent him home as blind as an owl."

"You wrong me," I protested. "Young Tony may have been a little squiffed, even a shade soused, perchance, but blind—never!"

"Well, he certainly arrived home the worse for wear," Lauretta insisted, "and it's all your fault!"

"My fault that Tony wanted to buy a car?" I protested. "You wrong me, wench."

"BUT what on earth has buying a car got to do with drinking?" I did my best to explain. "It's like this," I said. "Tony wanted a car cheaply, and I knew that Jim Lancing wanted to get rid of his Bentley, so I fixed up a meeting at the club. Well, when we got there I found 'Bonzo' Tumner and his brother had rolled up with Jim. Of course, I then ordered a round of drinks, and——"

"Why 'of course'?"

"Don't be absurd," I protested. "You can't haul a bloke into your club and not give him a drink."

"Then why haul a bloke there?"

"Where else can you take him?"

"You might take him to a tea-shop. Or the National Portrait Gallery. Lots of people meet there for a quiet talk."

"Yes, but they only meet wives there."

"I'm sure Daddy never met Mums there."

"I mean other people's wives!"

"I BOW before your greater experience," said Lauretta coldly. Then, womanlike, she went off at a tangent. "You aren't going to tell me Tony got in that disgusting state after only one drink?"

"Oh, lord, no. The other three stood a round, too."

"Why? Tony wasn't buying four cars."

"Hang it all," I expostulated. "You can't expect a fellow not to stand a round when other fellows have stood other fellows' rounds, if you see what I mean."

"In other words, you buy people drinks and then they buy them back for you?"

"That's the notion. Now that you understand it all——"

"But one second," Lauretta interposed. "If that's the case, surely it would be much simpler all round if everyone just ordered four drinks for themselves right away."

"It would be nothing of the sort," I replied indignantly. "It's the spirit in the thing that counts."

"I guessed about the spirit part as soon as I saw Tony. How many rounds did *he* have to buy?"

"None, of course. He was my guest."

"Yes, but he wasn't the guest of 'Bonzo' Thingummy and the others. Why did *they* buy him drinks?"

"Confound it all," I expostulated heatedly. "They couldn't leave him out when they were buying them."

"I don't see why not," said Lauretta obstinately. "When I go with your sister Peggy, say, to buy a hat, we don't stand each other a new Paris model."

"IT'S no good arguing with you," I said with hauteur. "Women don't understand business affairs."

"Was it good business to get my poor defenceless brother drunk?"

"Defenceless my foot! You should see him tackling 'sidecars.'"

"I thought it was a motor car he wanted, not a sidecar."

I ignored the remark.

"Anyway," Lauretta continued, "what drinks have to do with an ordinary commercial transaction is more than I can see."

"A drink or two is a very good thing," I said haughtily. "You see, it—er—oils the wheels, so to speak."

"I wouldn't mind it oiling the wheels if it didn't oil my brother."

I gave a short, sharp laugh. "How like a woman! Arguing from the general to the particular like that!"

"I only wish Tony *was* particular. If he was, he wouldn't have come home in that state."

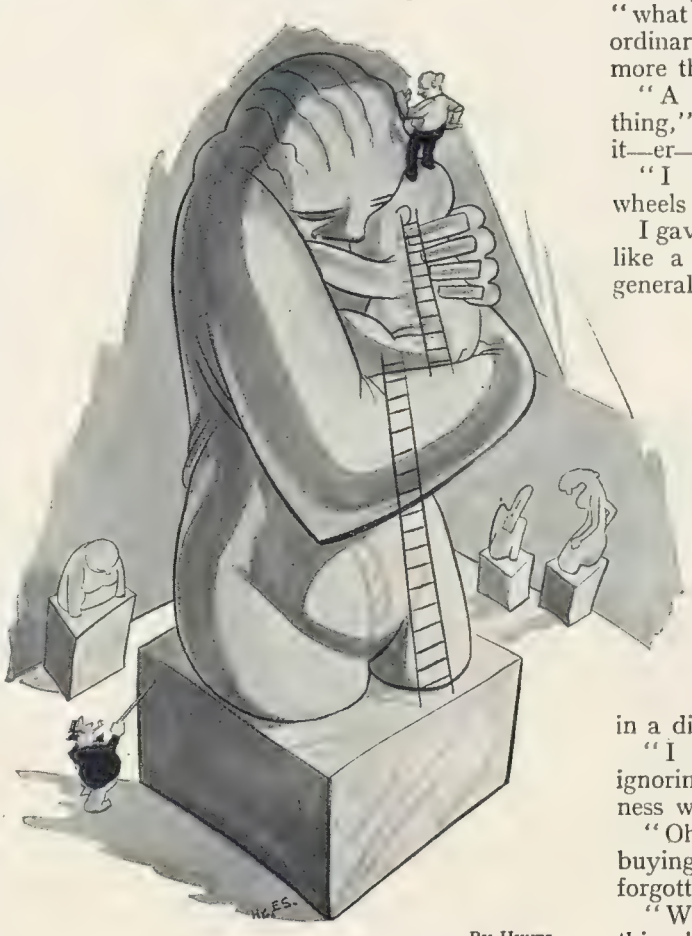
OF course, I saw it was useless to argue with Lauretta as long as she was in that sort of mood. I decided to capitulate gracefully. "I'm afraid we did rather overdo the quick ones," I confessed, "but it was all in a good cause."

"Why? Have you shares in a distillery?"

"I mean," I replied, carefully ignoring the insinuation, "the business we had in hand."

"Oh, of course. The car he was buying. What happened? I had forgotten about that."

"Well, as a matter of fact, old thing," I confessed, "*we* forgot about the car, too!"



By Hynes

"Say, what's the big idea?"

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

HER LOVE PARADE

DUNLOP REINFORCED
C.F.H. 740

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE

P. P. HARKAWAY

By

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Illustrated by W. DE GROOT

"Mumbling the same mechanical congratulations and grimacing over the champagne"

THEY say the drug habit is curable and the drink habit even more so. Not so the habit of attending weddings, against which Paul Harkaway had fought feebly and unavailingly for many years. He was a natural born wedding guest of the old school; his tall hat was scarcely ever off his head, and if anybody ever offered him anything but champagne in the afternoon he would quiver and begin to cry. To such an extent had years of weddings frayed his nerves.

He did not know why this fate was his, except that his circle of friends was constantly being enlarged without his own volition and people marked him down. Complete strangers (so it seemed to him) would see him one morning in Piccadilly and get ideas in their heads, and a week later he would be at their wedding, hating them all. Not infrequently his rage and misery would well up within him during the service and he would give the bride a furious jab with his umbrella. On one fatal occasion the officiating clergyman saw him do this and immediately stopped the ceremony.

"One does so feel," said the clergyman, fixing Paul with an awful stare, "that to attack a bride in this manner as she stands, as it were, on the threshold of a fuller, nobler life, is, in a very real sense, in a very earnest and particular sense——"

"Not cricket," interrupted a gruff voice, that of a member of I Zingari.

"This way, sir," said a verger, and led Paul out of church.

ANY ordinary wedding guest would hail this as a stroke of luck and use it to break the spell. Paul Harkaway was unable to do so. That same afternoon, blanched and feeble, he was at the reception mumbling the same mechanical congratulations and grimacing over the champagne. The faces all round him were new, but since 1919 he was used to that. Year by year he saw people dropping out, and envied them. He was the last survivor. He fumbled his way out at length and into Knightsbridge.

"Hullo," said a cheery voice.

Paul Harkaway looked dully round. It was a man named "Slogger" Hicks, who had been with him at several weddings in '22 and had got out of it the same year.

"Been to another wedding?" asked the man "Slogger" carelessly.

Paul looked at him, and his lip began suddenly to tremble. Great tears welled up into his eyes. He gripped his umbrella tight and tried to speak, but could not.

"*Urk*," he muttered at length, and began to cry.

"Sorry," said the man "Slogger," seeing and comprehending his distress. He was a kind-hearted man. He surveyed Paul a moment, then hailed a taxi. When he had put Paul into it he said firmly:

"You come with me."

THEY jolted along past the Park in silence for some time, and half an hour later drew up outside the man "Slogger's" chambers in Albany. "Slogger" helped Paul in, took away his tall hat, and gave him a stiff brandy and soda. Then he placed Paul in a deep armchair, told him to rest a moment, and did a little telephoning in another room. When he returned Paul was lying back in the chair with wet eyelashes, pale, haggard, but no longer hysterical.

"Feeling better?" asked "Slogger" cheerily.

As he spoke his man entered the room.

"Dr. Boomer, sir."

"Slogger" nodded. A moment later a vigorous, cleanshaven, spectacled figure strode in. "Slogger" came to the point at once.

"I want you," he said, "to throw an eye over this poor devil here. He's been a confirmed wedding guest for

"He would give the bride a furious jab with his umbrella"

Some of the distinguished passengers who made the first flight over London in the new air liner, Hannibal, which is the larges. in the world and which was constructed by Handley Page, Ltd., for Imperial Airways, Ltd. Included in the group are Sir Malcolm Campbell, Colonel F. C. Shelmerdine, the Director of Civil Aviation, Herr Robert Kronfeld, the famous glider expert, the Countess of Drogheda, Lady Mainwaring, Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness and Major-General L. C. Dunsterville

eleven years and he's pretty well losing his reason."

"That's tough," said Dr. Boomer sympathetically. He strode over to Paul, lifted up his eyelids, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, gave him a couple of knee-jerks, and said abruptly:

"Do you ever dream about being chased by somebody with a ladder?"

Paul nodded weakly.

"Does this person with a ladder chase you down a sort of long corridor padded with brown felt?" asked the doctor.

"Pink velvet," said Paul in a whisper.

"My God!" said Dr. Boomer simply, and beckoned "Slogger" into the next room. Ten minutes later "Slogger" returned, looking grave, and poured out a fresh drink.

"Well?" said Paul Harkaway miserably, sipping.

"Well," said "Slogger," "he says you're in a pretty bad state. You're polymorphously wedding-conscious. You have a re-entrant guest-libido. He says there's only one way of curing you."

"And that?"

"Leave it to me, old boy," said "Slogger" kindly. "You just lean back and take a rest. I'll see you through."

Half an hour later Paul awoke from an uneasy doze to find a girl in the room. She was a beautiful girl, and she was staring at him. By her side stood the man "Slogger," contemplating him also. Paul rose waveringly to his feet and mumbled something apologetic.

"What d'you think?" said "Slogger" to the girl.

"'M," said the girl thoughtfully.

She looked at Paul again.

"Is he always like that?" she asked.

Paul's under-lip began to tremble.

"Old boy," said "Slogger" kindly, replacing him in the chair, "this is Joan. I rang her up and asked her to come round and give you the once-over. You just lie back and rest."

"'Urk,' he muttered at length, and began to cry"

He turned to the girl Joan.

"What about Tuesday?" he said.

She looked at Paul once more, hesitated, and nodded.

"Right," said the man "Slogger" cheerily, and went out with her.

ON the following Tuesday Paul Harkaway, a trifle dazed but rather happy, arrived at St. Boanerges' Church, Seaton Place, with a gardenia in his buttonhole. "Slogger" had rung him up the previous day and told him he was to be there at ten to marry the girl Joan—"who's pretty interested in your case, old boy, I may tell you," said "Slogger" confidentially. It was a new experience for Paul. He beamed on the verger, an old acquaintance.

"Bride's friend or bridegroom's, sir?" asked the verger politely.

"As a matter of fact," said Paul, tapping himself on the chest, "I'm the bridegroom, for a change."

"Indeed, sir?" smiled the verger, who loved a good joke. "This way, sir," added the verger, not unkindly, leading Paul into a pew on the north side. From sheer force of habit Paul entered the pew. As he did so the girl Joan came up the aisle, followed by the man "Slogger" and a lot of people.

"Hoi!" said "Slogger," in a hoarse whisper, nudging Paul.

"What?" whispered Paul.

"SLOGGER" took him firmly by the arm and led him forward, a clergyman appeared, and within ten minutes he was wedded to the girl Joan, who smiled at him absently but very kindly. Half an hour later Paul Harkaway was in an hotel drinking a glass of champagne, as usual, to the health of the bride and bridegroom.

"Listen, old boy," said "Slogger," taking him by the arm, "the honeymoon's in Paris. Paris. Understand?"

"Best of luck, old man," said Paul mechanically.

And, fumbling his way out, Paul Harkaway got his hat from a servant, made his way into Knightsbridge, vaguely depressed, as usual, crossed the road, was knocked down by a taxi, was taken to hospital, and had passed from this life before they missed him.

The evening papers gave him a paragraph headed "Fatal Accident to Wedding Guest."

D. B. W. L.

BY STARR WOOD

"When you two go into the witness-box, I want you to try to look foolish"

if Sossip we must

I CHOSE the little meeting on the summer course at Newmarket instead of Henley; it is the cheeriest little race-meeting in the world, and it is less oppressively healthy-young-bodies and what-public-school-were-you-at in atmosphere. Not that there is anything wrong about a healthy young body or a public school; I used to have some experience of both in the long ago. But at Henley they do rub it in. The very head and soul of Henley—"bloody but unbowed," to use the words of Henley (W. E.)—seems always to be not so much the undergraduates and their adoring and adored sisters and cousins and aunts and sweethearts, as the elderly parsons with a faded Leander ribbon round a black straw hat. These men seem never to have grown up. Ecclesiastical Peter Pans for whom the River Thames is rather more sacred than the River Jordan.

A photograph taken at Bristol after Mr. Winston Churchill, the Chancellor of the University, had conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Included in the group are Mr. Hiatt Baker, the Vice Pro-Chancellor of Bristol University (left), Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill and Dr. A. H. Sayce, the eighty years old explorer and archæologist, on whom a degree was also conferred

Pearl Freeman

Beatrix Lehmann, who plays the part of a hard-boiled "snooping" journalist in "Late Night Final," the play of American newspaper life at the Phœnix Theatre. A review of the play appears on page 64 of this issue

A young spectator at the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon indulges in a little stunt-gazing. The weather was as bright as the programme this year, and an enormous crowd got their fill of thrills

THESE Leander parsons are nice old things, but they are apt to be a trifle peremptory, and the schoolmaster is never far distant. A couple of years ago one of them—a total stranger—came up to me at Henley and said, "You were at Malvern." I said I was never at Malvern. "But, sir," he persisted, "you *were* at Malvern. I *know* you were at Malvern." I maintained that not only was I not at school at Malvern, but that I had never visited the town and had never even spoken to a Foster. He moved away reluctantly and rather huffed, still murmuring "You were at Malvern." You meet the same type on cross-Channel boats during the winter sports season in Switzerland, with alpenstocks in bundles and wearing tweeds that smell very tweedy. They are the salt of the earth. But one can have too much salt, and they make one very thirsty.

THE secession of Sir John Simon means the end of the Liberal Party, whatever optimistic Liberal journalists may say. It is all very well to declare that the things which Liberalism stands for can never die. But what precisely does Liberalism stand for nowadays? And, even if Liberalism stood for a lot of precious things, precious few people would stand for Liberalism. The next General Election will see the last of the party, though a new centre party may spring up in another form. If it does, it will not be the Mosley party, though it might possibly include some of the younger Conservatives whom official Conservatism continues to depress and discourage. Such a centre party might even survive a Coalition. And it is only a

HOLIDAY GOLFER: "By jove, so it is!"

Coalition Government which could put an end to the dole scandal.

THE Socialist Government will never even start to tackle the thing, for the more people they support with other people's money, the more voters they have. The Conservatives, although they criticise Miss Bondfield and the iniquity of the whole business both inside and outside the House of Commons, are, in their heart of hearts, extremely relieved that they are not in office and confronted with the task of dealing with it. Would any single party venture to cut down the benefits and increase the contributions? So utterly demoralised has the greater portion of the electorate become (and Mr. Baldwin is partly to blame for increasing it) that any party which dealt drastically with the dole business would be committing political suicide. It is a pretty mess.

THE mess can only be solved by two parties coming together and facing the mob, as it were. Since neither party could be blamed at the expense of the other, something might be done. Even if the whole of the dole-gatherers and their relations were to abstain from voting for either Conservatives or Socialists, neither party would be injured and much good would be achieved. The only danger would be of sending this huge block of votes to the Communists, much to the glee of Russia. Then the Dean of Canterbury and Professor Laski, and Professor Soddy and all the "Cultural Relations with Russia" gang would indeed have something to hold a garden-party about.

By Ridgewell

didn't I meet you here last year?"

WE have just had the usual Theatrical Garden Party of another sort, and, since that is an admirable scheme for extracting money to support a deserving stage charity, long may it flourish. But the stage has never had less cause for making merry for the mere sake of merriment. It may make sad reading, but unemployment is appalling, and many members of the theatre-going public would be surprised at some tales which could be told. There are well-known actors, who are also good actors (not always the same thing), who have had no work for more than a year. A brilliant young actress in "straight" comedy, who is hailed as coming to the fore rapidly, was in a play run the other day on the commonwealth basis and drew as her share for a fortnight's work—seventeen shillings! Indeed, making a success seems, instead of being an asset, to be a drawback, and I am perfectly convinced that, if you are on the stage, one certain way of preventing most managers from engaging you is to know something about your job. Poor George Bealby was only too right.

"Flip" Weston (Renée Gadd) and Muriel Harding (Mary Merrall), the two ambulance drivers whose private war over the possession of a male rotter provided the central theme for "Lovers' Meeting," a play which, despite a eulogistic reception, like most war plays, failed to attract

I DO not allege that managers are deliberately prejudiced against intelligence; they want to make money and to produce successes—at any rate, I suppose they do. It is only that they are very rarely intelligent enough to recognise intelligence; their minds are always bifurcated by all sorts of other considerations when they are engaging people. An actor will be engaged because he is a pleasant man to meet at the club, or plays a good game of golf, or went to a good school. An actress more often gets a job because she is in the public eye for a non-theatrical reason or because she is wealthy (or has wealthy admirers or a rich husband) than because she can sing or act or dance. I do not say that all managers are in this galley. But ninety per cent. of them are. I do not say anything so foolish

as that there are not clever actors and actresses in regular work. But I do say, with all emphasis, that there has never been a time when managers have been so stupid and so led away by circumstances with which they should have nothing to do, and that never has the way of the player with nothing but his or her talents to offer been so desperately hard.

THE news that Covent Garden is to follow up its successful German and Italian season with one in the autumn, at which only the English language will be heard, with British singers to sing it, should silence a good many grumblers. I have always been in favour of British singers in opera, provided they can sing; and most of those who have made any sort of name for themselves sing very well indeed. And they might as well sing in English while they are about it, though, with very few exceptions (*Falstaff* is one of them), operas are so constituted that it matters very little in what language they are sung. Usually, the less intelligible they are the better it is for all who are present when they are given. The music is not only the main thing, it is practically the only thing.

IT should not be forgotten, however, that even during a "foreign" season in London the chorus, the orchestra, some of the small-part people, and even one or two of the "stars," are British; over a hundred British folk are thereby kept in work. All the outcry against "subsidies for supporting foreign opera" is really rubbish, and, in fact, boils itself down into a protest against the employment of a handful of Italian, German or Russian artists of world-wide fame to whom it is uncommonly pleasurable to listen. As for the fact that foreign operas are performed, the composers of most of them are dead and no royalties are paid. A theatre where only British-composed grand opera is performed would not play to a five-pound note an evening, since, admirable as are many of our British composers, opera does not happen to be their province.

BY STARK WOOD

"I don't believe you'd do any work even if you found it. You tramps are becoming a serious threat to the country"

"Only an idle threat, lady!"

LET us hope, too, that all this catty talk in certain quarters about rivalry between Covent Garden and the Russian activities at the Lyceum will not re-occur. It is not the fault of the principals of either concern, since Sir Thomas Beecham and Col. Blois are big enough to talk matters over sensibly and amicably, as they frequently do. Indeed, I would not be surprised to find Sir Thomas conducting again at Covent Garden in the near future, and I am certain that Col. Blois is only too willing to invite him to do so. It is only the smaller fry who are the mischief-makers.

COMING to less high-brow spheres of entertainment, I congratulate Maurice, the maître d'hôtel at the Trocadero, on having just celebrated his 1,230th performance in the "Trocabaret," which he runs as a late-dinner entertainment at that restaurant. This has been practically a non-stop run, since his few absences have only been due to short and infrequent holidays. Maurice's great ability as an entertainer was discovered one evening at a gathering of the Trocadero staff, for whom he

A scene in the Stone Court of Knole, the historic seat of [illegible] formance of a pageant dealing with incidents in the life [illegible] surrounded by members of his Court, is s[illegible]

Paul Tanqueray

A study of Fay Compton who plays lead in "Autumn Crocus," the play which deals with an English schoolmistress's love affair in the Austrian Tyrol. It is proving an outstanding success at the Lyric Theatre

evenoaks of Lord and Lady Sackville, during the per-Henry VIII, who was closely associated with Knole. Henry, elcoming Queen Catherine on her arrival

was doing an impromptu turn. He models his entertainment somewhat on that of Georges Mayol, who founded the Concert Mayol in Paris, for long the home of Parisys and some naughty and nudy little revues. He sings many of Mayol's songs, but there the resemblance ends, for he has none of the customs or manner-

THE BARE IDEA!

Chita, the attractive young dancer of "Ever Green," who was to have appeared at the "Famous Beauties" Ball as Boticelli's Venus, was prevented from doing so owing to the opposition in certain quarters to the scantiness of her proposed costume.

ALTHOUGH nobody can wean us
From our love for Aphrodite,
It is hard to picture Venus
In a form-enshrouding nightie,
And it really would be stupid
In thick, stuffy clothes to smother
That fair goddess whom Dan Cupid
Had good cause to call his mother.

What though nobody looks sweeter
In the nearly "altogether"
Than delightful little Chita,
Firm of limb and light as feather,
To appear with little on you
In a country such as this is
Is to call down wrath upon you
From our prurient-minded misses

Well, since Venus left the Ocean,
'Neath the waves a home is vacant,
And it seems a splendid notion
If we want to drive away cant
To send off our Mrs. Grundy
To that cavern deep and shady
And we'll cheer like mad if one day
We can get rid of that lady.

B. W

isms of that plump person with the fair hair, the pink cheeks, and the strange waddle.

THE Government are again causing some quiet fun over their Indian policy. Expensive fun, of course, for you and for me, who will be expected to pay for it with as good a grace as we can muster. Having allowed Socialist orators and writers to stir up as much trouble as possible, and having allowed that "great soul," Gandhi, to work mischief to his heart's content, the Socialists find that, not unnaturally, India is in a financial quandary. So they propose to "guarantee" millions and millions of pounds in order to put India right again. In other words, mischief-making and disloyalty are to be rewarded with cash. It will, of course, be like pouring water into a sieve so long as the same attitude is officially preserved towards the Indian malcontents. These people will, since they are not devoid of shrewdness, go merrily on in the same old way, only rather more so, now that they find that their antics pay.

WHERE is this vast sum to come from? England has never been so hard up. To balance a Budget is a terrible, if not an impossible, business. The tax-payer's back is breaking. We cannot expect the Socialist Government to cease spending money on fantastic objects, since that is part of their plan to smash the capitalist system altogether. But we should demand that when they raise the money—somehow—it should be a contingent gift. That is to say, help should be given on the condition that all nonsense ceases, and also on condition that India, instead of boycotting British goods, gives them a preference. Yet the Alice in Wonderland situation of handing money over to people who hate us and boycott our goods is calmly discussed by Mr. MacDonald and the "builders of a New England."

IT is always dangerous to prophesy unless you know, but I must pat the lawn tennis critic of THE BYSTANDER on the back for his forecast of this year's Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. Unlike some brother scribes who went hopelessly astray, before play started he advised our readers to stake their money on Borotra, Perry, and the Americans, all four of whom reached the semi-final. The defeat of some of the most fancied (and most paragraphed) of our women players may have the effect of damping the ardour of pressmen who are never happy unless they are shrieking the praises and advancing the international claims of their favourites.

BY HICKSON

An impression of that clever entertainer, Douglas Byng, in what it is customary to call "a slight impression" of the Queen of Whoopee, Texas Guinan. He has been delighting supper audiences at the Monseigneur with his songs and impersonations

A Creator of Empire and His Reward

MANY years ago it was said of a French author, "He writes history as if it were fiction; and fiction as if it were history." The first part of this opinion can be applied to Mr. R. J. Minney, who in "Clive" (Jarrolds, 16s.) has written a biography of the man who laid the foundations of our Indian Empire, which, I think, will become a classic.

No public servant of this country has ever been so grossly calumniated as Clive; and, thanks to certain historians, the calumnies persist even to-day—a century and a half since his death. At a time when the future of India is causing the gravest anxiety to the Home and Indian Governments, and to all thinking people, this book is most opportune. The majority of folk neither know nor care how we gained the Indian Empire. They should hasten to Mr. Minney to repair there ignorance. They will be interested, and, I think, fascinated, by one of the best-written biographies we have had for a long time past; a biography which has all the romance of prodigious achievement through force of character and personality.

CLIVE

From the mezzotint by McArdell after the painting by Gainsborough

ROMANCE starts upon the first page. At three Robert Clive appeared to be dying. The second George was on the English throne; the fifteenth Louis on that of France; and in India Muhammad Shah, a descendant of the Grand Moghuls, was deceiving his subjects as to his weakened power. This child "lived to alter, when his youth was barely turned to manhood, the destinies of all three monarchs and their successors." The English and the French both had their East India Companies in India—the English at Madras, the French at Pondicherry. Dupleix was Governor of Pondicherry. His one aim was to oust the British from India. "While Clive held an indulgent aunt and uncle in thrall by his petulance, Dupleix was already shaping the destiny of the French in India." But, later, that destiny was changed entirely by Clive, a young man twenty-eight years Dupleix's junior.

Claud Harris

Mr. R. J. Minney, author of "Clive," reviewed on this page

CLIVE, one of a family of thirteen, at two-and-a-half was despatched to the care of a maternal aunt and her husband. They were a kind, gentle couple, quite unable to cope with the child's "fierceness and imperiousness." He was what nurses call "a holy terror." Those were the days of physical punishment. But Clive went unpunished, and, as Mr. Minney says, "A neglected rod altered the history of three nations."

At seventeen Clive had become what, nowadays, we call "impossible." His infuriated father packed him off to India in the East India Company's service. But what a service! Clive as a writer had £5 a year. The Governor of Madras received £200 a year and a gratuity of £100. There was, however, the privilege allowed by the Company to its officials, even clergymen, of trading privately. Consequently, men with grotesquely small salaries lived in splendour in Madras, with as many as a hundred servants. But this privilege could not be exercised by those in Clive's position until after eight years' service. Chance came to his help.

Hostilities had broken out between the English and the French, and the latter had taken Madras, resolving "to sweep the English out of Hindustan." To this end they attacked Fort St. David. Clive volunteered for service in the Army, and at twenty-six, at his own suggestion, led an expedition against Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic. It was crowned with success, which was later followed by the rout of the French at Pondicherry and Trichinopoly. Then, rich and fêted, Clive went on leave to England, marrying Margaret Maskelyne a few days before he sailed. In eighteen months, however, such was his ostentatious way of living, he had spent nearly £50,000, and was glad to return to India.

He went out as a Lieutenant-Colonel, the East India Company's intention being to employ him against the French. He himself had warned them that "so long as there was one Frenchman in the Deccan or in India there could be no peace." His commission carried with it the Governorship of Fort St. David. Only a day or two before he arrived there the hideous tragedy of the Black Hole took place at Calcutta. He was given command of the expedition sent to avenge it. Then came the Battle of Plassey, which broke the French power and laid the foundation of our Indian Empire. Next came the Governorship of Calcutta, followed by a triumphant return to England with an income of £45,000 a year. But soon the public enthusiasm was turned to hatred.

Clive had made many enemies in India. Two of these plotted so successfully that charges of peculation were brought against him in the House, and although the enquiry did not actually condemn Clive it left a heavy slur upon his reputation. One afternoon he was found dead on the floor of his dressing-room in Berkeley Square. Rumour said he had committed suicide. But for years he had suffered from a painful disease for which he took opium, and by many he was thought to have taken a double dose to relieve an access of pain. However that may be, the man who gave us the Indian Empire died as the most detested man in the country through the machinations of his enemies.

"JUNIUS."

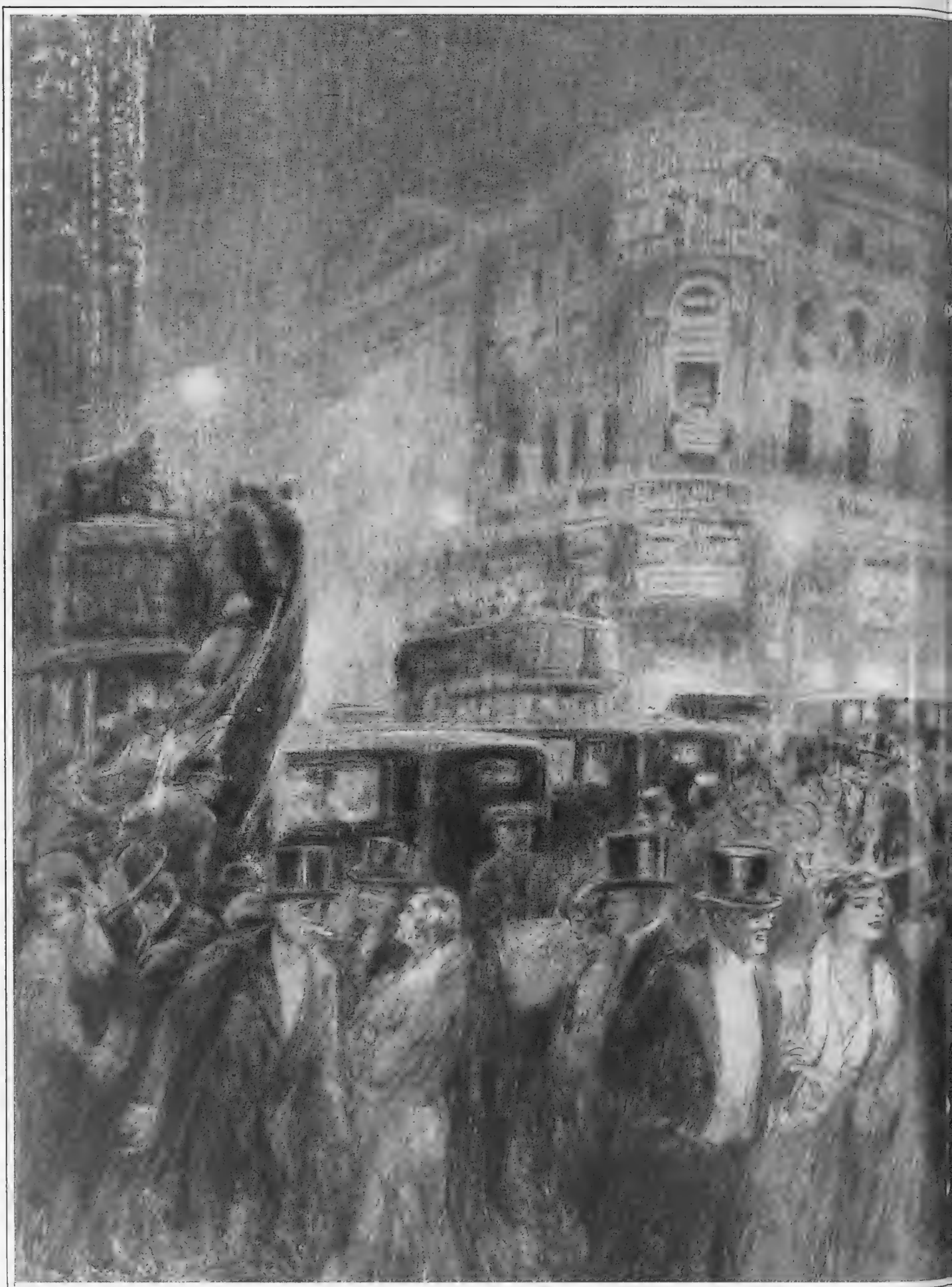
Russell

A recent portrait of the Earl of Powis, a direct descendant of the great Clive

Sasha

SOCIETY AND THE SCREEN

Miss Eileen Lamb, one of the prettiest girls in Society and a recruit to the talkies. She has been engaged to play the part of the private secretary in the new film, "Rynox," by Philip McDonald, which is being produced at Walton studios by Terry Jackson



THE HUB OF

An impression of Piccadilly Circus at about eleven o'clock on a summer's night, when the theatres are emptying and th a fine July evening is anathema. One thing is lacking to make the scene complete: Eros is not in his old position i in all his glory, for preparations for hi

BY R. G. MATHEWS

THE UNIVERSE

restaurants and supper clubs are filling up with their nightly contingent, to whom the thought of bed before midnight on h bow and arrow to reign benignly over the cheerful throng, but even by the time this picture appears he may be back return have been pushed ahead of late

Donald McLeish

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

The winding road to Inverbeg, by the shores of Loch Lomond, the bonny, bonny banks of which have been immortalised in song. In the distance can be seen Ben Lomond, 3,192 ft. high. The loch, twenty-five miles long and dotted with many islands, separates Dumbartonshire from Stirlingshire. The northern end, where the loch narrows, is the more beautiful

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A Question of Taste

by Sewell Stokes

Illustrated by JOHN NICHOLSON

THIS story has the merit—if it is a merit—of dividing its readers into two camps: those who uphold Sir John Rome's condemnation of his wife's behaviour, and those who, decrying it, extend their heartfelt sympathy to Lady Rome. Should you revolve in those exalted circles which include Dukes, Lords, Knights, Cabinet Ministers, Church Dignitaries, and Charlie Chaplin, the probability is that you are on the side of the husband. Should you, however, not find yourself so well placed socially, then the wife may claim your sympathy.

The greater part of this story was told me by Sir John himself. From which you will conclude that I am of the socially elect. I wouldn't say that. All authors, as you have doubtless noticed, have a knack of pushing themselves in everywhere—and anywhere.

It was in the library of his solid mansion in Carlton House Terrace that Sir John told me as much of the scandal as his courage would allow. He is a strong man, the lineal descendant of a bearded warrior on whom Good Queen Bess herself conferred the baronetcy. But as he talked to me that evening his face was paler than a man's should be—even a sensitive man on the wrong side of sixty. He was nervous, as are men who suffer either from shame or indignation. And in his case, I think, it was mostly from indignation.

"You've met my wife, have you not?" he asked, twirling, as he spoke, one end of his white moustache. Sir John was always pompous in his speech.

"I have," I told him. "And a very pretty woman she is."

"Pretty? Yes, she is pretty enough," agreed Sir John, as if he grudged his wife her looks.

Lady Rome was pretty. Photographs of her—taken at the time when she was familiarly known as Pretty Kitty Kingsley, of the Frivolity—are still to be found in stray postcard albums. These show her elegant figure swathed in the ermines of 1906, smiling at the falling snowflakes.

WHEN Sir John made her acquaintance Kitty Kingsley was appearing in *The Girl Behind the Counter*. To produce this sparkling entertainment a librettist, two musicians, a lyric-writer, a scene-painter, costume-designers, a master of choreography, a handsome tenor, a couple of first-class comedians, and a carefully picked chorus—had all worked their hardest. So far as Sir John was concerned, they might as well have spared themselves the effort. For what he had noticed was Kitty Kingsley's dimpled, smiling face. Nothing else. By her face he had been completely captivated. In the end he had married it.

Theirs had been what is known as a brilliant wedding. All London, according to the papers, had been present to witness the ceremony. And every paper had printed a list of the presents received (to the last fish-carver) and particulars of the bride's gown (to the last bead of its trimming). From the public's point of view, this marriage between a distinguished baronet and a Frivolity Girl had been a nine days' wonder. But in the bewildered ranks of Society itself the wonder had lasted much longer than that.

"How will it turn out?" the dowagers of Mayfair, as if discussing a pudding, had asked one another. "Why did he do it?. . . . Can it last? . . . ."

Not without reason had they been curious. Anybody who knew Sir John Rome must have wondered how he would manage to live contentedly with a gay young wife from the Frivolity. It is true that some members of the aristocracy appear to be born for no other reason than that of allying themselves with members of the stage. But Sir John had not been one of these. Until his meeting with Miss Kingsley he had been a confirmed bachelor, who spent most of his time at Rome Hall, in Sussex, writing tomes on the somewhat dull activities of his ancestors (His works, which include six volumes of *The Rome Diaries*, two volumes of *Letters to Matilda Rome*, and a revised edition of *The Rome Papers*, are to be found, uncut, on the dustiest shelves of our reference libraries.)

DURING the London "season" it had been his custom to occupy his Town house, where he had entertained only very staid people—staidly. For all forms of tradition and etiquette he had been known as a stickler among sticklers; and it was said of him that he would rather a woman went to the bad (provided she did it discreetly) than use the wrong fork at table. All of which augured badly for the future of the new Lady Rome. For while Kitty Kingsley was a pattern of moral virtue, it hardly was to be expected that the daughter of a master plumber could, without difficulties of one kind or another, live comfortably in a class so far removed from her own.

As the dowagers had remarked: a casual up-bringing at Hither Green, and a subsequent career before the footlights, were poor preparation for the obligations which would be hers once she became Lady Rome. Clearly, the gulf which yawned between her parents' humble villa and Rome Hall had been a wide one. Yet, surprisingly enough, Kitty Kingsley had managed to bridge the gulf. And very admirably she had done it, too.

With the apparent ease of a woman changing from an old frock into a new one, Pretty Kitty had become Lady Rome. She had ceased dancing, singing, advertising toilet requisites, signing autograph-books, and going to hectic parties. Instead, she presided over her husband's table, opened bazaars, laid foundation stones, and christened battleships. All these duties she accomplished (the dowagers had to admit it) as if they had always been a part of her daily life. She was, it was generally supposed, entirely happy in her new environment. A few, however—myself included—doubted Lady Rome's happiness. She still smiled. But whereas before it had been a vivacious smile, after marriage it seemed to take on a mask-like quality. The pretty dimples were less often seen. Sometimes, too, one caught a look in her china-blue eyes which seemed to say: "If only I were back to the dear old Frivolity! That *was* life!"

Nevertheless, Sir John and Lady Rome had managed to live together for some years without any marked signs of discontent coming from either of them. After the excitement occasioned by his late and impulsive marriage had subsided, Sir John had returned to the ghoulish work of digging up his ancestors. Lady Rome maintained her position (not always an easy one) with grace and dignity. Not a breath of scandal clouded the mirror of their circumspect lives. From which—since in the Romes' world a breath of that kind quickly becomes a hurricane—it may be assumed that no scandal occurred. Then, quite suddenly, their peaceful marital relations were utterly destroyed.

(All rights strictly reserved.)

EXACTLY what had happened nobody, for certain, knew. With incredible speed rumours flew in every direction. But what it was Lady Rome had done to incur her husband's displeasure (wrath better describes his attitude) remained a mystery. And it was with some hope of solving the mystery that I dared, in his library, to mention the subject to Sir John. He was, for him, in a talkative mood. The result, perhaps, of a good dinner we had enjoyed together. Anyway, he started promisingly enough.

"Oh, yes," he repeated, "she's pretty." Turning to where there hung a portrait a famous R.A. had painted of Lady Rome, he observed, "To look at her one wouldn't think her capable of misconduct—would one? "

"Misconduct? "

"Nothing less."

"But what? . . . How? . . ."

"It is a painful story. Excessively painful. For the sake of the family name I have kept it a secret. But I almost think "—Sir John looked at me sadly—" I almost think I will tell it you."

He almost did.

"Of course," he said, "my wife and I are no longer living together. You know that? "

"I have heard rumours."

"Quite. Nor shall we ever live together again."

"As bad as that? "

"Worse. Much worse. Every time I think of her—which I try not to do—I feel positively ill. I cannot help seeing her, as that man saw her, one afternoon in Kennington . . ." He shuddered. "To think of my wife doing such a thing! "

"Who saw her? " I asked. "What was she doing? "

"Of course, you don't know. I was forgetting. I'll tell you about it."

From what he told me, in a voice sometimes sad, but more often outraged, I gathered that during the past year Sir John and Lady Rome had not seen a great deal of one another. While living under the same roof they seldom met. Various social duties took Lady Rome from home, and Sir John was mostly in the library with his beloved books. However, it was Lady Rome's custom, when she had a spare afternoon at home, to invite Sir John to take tea with her in her boudoir. And these little tea-parties, which took place about once a week, they enjoyed.

"At least," Sir John told me, "I enjoyed them. Though lately I have come to doubt my wife's feelings in the matter." He continued: "After a time I noticed that these little parties in the boudoir were becoming very infrequent. And whenever I suggested they might be resumed, my wife had an excuse ready. But never a very good one. Which is why my suspicions were aroused. Once or twice I asked her where she was going on those spare afternoons of hers, but her replies were always vague—evasive. So I guessed that she was deceiving me. That she had some secret she feared I might discover. And I was not wrong."

SIR JOHN then confessed to me that, unable any longer to bear the mystery which surrounded his wife's comings and goings on certain afternoons (when her engagement-block invariably showed a blank) he had her watched. For this purpose he selected the celebrated firm of private inquiry agents, Messrs. Ferret, Ferret and Ferret—by whose suave and tactful employees it is almost an honour to be shadowed—and instructed them to find out where it was that Lady Rome secretly disappeared to on at least one afternoon a week. He wished, he told them, to receive a very careful report of her movements on all of these occasions.

The report, which he received at the end of a month, confirmed Sir John's worst suspicions. According to it, Lady Rome, on each of the four afternoons on which she had been followed, had dispensed with the use of her Renault. She had walked from Carlton House Terrace to the bus-stop at the top of Whitehall, and there waited for a bus to take her to Kennington. On each of these occasions, too, she had worn unusually simple clothes; the kind, in fact, which would not be likely to attract undue attention in the neighbourhood to which she was going. Also, it was noted (the report must have been a careful one), that during the journey to South London her face wore an expression of ecstatic happiness, as if she were anticipating some rare and exquisite pleasure.

It was to a drab-looking house, in a long street of such houses, that the paid spy followed Lady Rome. Always she entered and left it alone, using a latch-key. And each of her visits lasted about two hours. She returned to the West End as she had come from it, by bus. More than this, and the fact that the house she visited was let out in furnished rooms, the spy was unable to discover. But more than this—very much more—Sir John wanted to know.

"Naturally," he said, "I wished to ascertain the name of my wife's lover. For I did not doubt that she had a lover. And I was determined to have the matter cleared up. In the circumstances. I think I was justified."

I agreed with him. Nevertheless, I felt desperately sorry for Lady Rome, whose romantic secret was being spied upon. And the more I heard of Sir John's story, the longer I watched that angry, pale face of his—the less I blamed Lady Rome for committing whatever indiscretion she might have done.

"To dine with Sir John," I thought, "once in a way, as I'm doing to-night, is all very well. But to live with Sir John always, is a very different and far less attractive proposition."

It was a puzzle to me why Kitty Kingsley had ever married such a pompous man as Sir John, although I seemed to remember some tale of an ambitious mother refusing to let her daughter miss a "good chance." Anyway, as Sir John rambled on, I definitely took his wife's side against him. And when he told me how, immediately there was a room vacant in that drab house in Kennington, the spy rented it, to be nearer his prey, I felt like telling him quite a few things. And I waited for the end of his slow discourse, which I imagined would include the graphic account of poor Kitty discovered in the arms of an adoring young man of her own class, with rising indignation.

"Turning to where there hung a portrait a famous R.A. had painted of Lady Rome, he observed, 'to look at her one wouldn't think her capable of misconduct, would one?'"

"Well," he said, "when the detective had been staying in the house four days my wife arrived, late one afternoon. He saw her from the window, and, as usual, she let herself in with a latch-key. Then he followed her straight down to the basement, where she disappeared through a door, closing it after her. He listened for the sound of voices, but heard none. Presently, however, he heard what sounded like kissing, so he opened the door and walked in. There he saw my wife, and with her . . ."

Sir John was overcome. He seemed unable to complete the sentence. His emotion had mastered him.

"And with her," I murmured, to help him out. "With her, I suppose—her lover?"

At the word "lover," Sir John turned sharply. Then, gathering all his courage, he said a very surprising thing. "Lover? My wife had no lover. That I could have understood. For that I might even have forgiven her. The Rome women have been known to take lovers unto themselves. Mathilda Rome, in her letters, speaks of several. Disgraceful, of course. But understandable. I am an old man. My wife is a young woman. These things happen. But the other—such a disgrace has never been suffered by the Romes. Such behaviour as my wife's—is—inhuman."

In vain I asked Sir John what it was his wife had done to bring disgrace upon the House of Rome. But he was obdurate. He felt he had already said too much, and begged me not to repeat a word of the conversation outside. Obviously, the remainder of whatever it was Lady Rome had been so unfortunate as to do caused him great mental anguish. I left him, feeling a little sorry for the old boy. And for myself, I felt dissatisfied. And more than ever curious.

It happened, some days after hearing Sir John's strange, unfinished story of his wife's apparently unforgivable behaviour, that I found myself wandering along a street in Kennington. By chance? Well, hardly, for I must admit that I should not have been staring up at those drab-looking houses had I not hoped to learn from them the end of that story which had begun in Carlton House Terrace. Very depressing the houses were, and I couldn't imagine what secret joy they sheltered. Yet I knew that behind the lace curtains of one of these unprepossessing dwellings lay hidden a secret joy—one in which Lady Rome had sought salvation.

As I was about to leave the street, having decided to abandon the quest, my attention was attracted by the familiar glance of a red-faced man lounging at his front door.

"Well, if it isn't Joe! How are you, Joe?"

"Fine! sir, thank you. And you, sir?"

"Well enough," I replied.

"So you've left your job at the Frivolity?"

"I have, sir. Or, as you might say, the job left me. No need of a stage-door keeper there now. Talking pictures. Things aren't what they was. I've got this 'ere house now"—he jerked his thumb backwards—"and I do quite well out of lodgers." He added, a little sadly, "But I miss the good old days at the Frivolity. Who wouldn't?"

"Who wouldn't, Joe, Do you ever see any of the girls now?"

"Not often, sir. Most of them are married: well married, too, some of them are." He paused. "Do you remember Kitty Kingsley, sir?"

"Pretty Kitty Kingsley? Of course I do."

"Well, she's been here often. Lady Somebody—or—other she is now, you know. I've known her since she was a kid. Sweet kid she was. And always will be. Being rich hasn't changed her. Not a bit of it."

"Really?"

"Sure. I reckon riches aren't everything. There's some things riches can't buy. Or *won't*. It's a funny thing, sir, but with all the money she's got now she's married to that Society chap, there's something Kitty misses. Something she used to have, that she has to go without. Not that she does go without, mind you. Not her! That's why she comes here . . ."

"I wonder," Joe laughed, "if you can guess what it is that Kitty Kingsley daren't ask her old man for?"

"Not *dare* to ask him for, Joe?"

"That's right, sir. He'd give her almost anything she asked him for, she said. Diamonds and all, but not what she wanted most. And there's one thing Kitty's been mad about ever since she was a child."

"I give it up, Joe."

"A nice plate of whelks with her tea, sir. She *loves* 'em. Always has done. Why, Kitty, can put down more whelks at a go than any other lady I know. A tea-party without whelks isn't a tea-party at all—not for Kitty it isn't." S. S.

IDA RUBINSTEIN

The world-famous actress and ballet dancer, whose first London season, sponsored by the French Ministry of Fine Arts, opened at Covent Garden on Monday and will continue till July 17. She is supported by her own company of actors, dancers and singers, and among the plays in which she is appearing is "The Martyrdom of San Sebastian," specially written for her by the famous Italian poet, Gabrielle d'Annunzio, with music composed by Debussy

FILM NOTES

CINEMATIC SEX By Lionel Collier

SINCE the screen has learnt to talk it seems to be able to do nothing but lisp sex.

Everything, I suppose, has its growing pains, and Hollywood is no exception. It has decided that it is not absence, but seduction that makes the heart grow fonder. It wouldn't matter so much if America had kept her growing pains to herself, but she has so dominated this country that our own directors—whose growing pains should have ceased by this time—also believe that raw sexual questions are the be-all and end-all of cinematic entertainment.

UNLESS a play is sexy it is not likely to find favour amongst those who choose our entertainment. Strong drama and well-planned situations don't matter a bit to the selectors of what is supposed to amuse us.

If one were to believe that American women were really like those we see depicted on the screen we might very readily conjecture that degeneration had overwhelmed humanity. They are presented to us either as innocent-faced babies who take everything and give nothing and are pure because they don't fulfil their part in an obvious bargain, or they are women who live their life fully and with whom we are asked to sympathise because the men of their acquaintance happen to be cads. They have not, in fact, been to either Harvard or Yale and absorbed the "campus" spirit.

I am led to these reflections by the pictures that are being shown or released this week. Not because I am in any sense a puritan, but because I am growing a little tired of sex "shamateurs."

Let us look round.

AT the Plaza there is a picture entitled "Unfaithful," which is described as a "story of love, conflict and pride; the husband who reveals himself faithless on his honeymoon; of a good woman whose wounded pride whips her to reckless actions which makes her the most slandered woman in Europe."

THE INEVITABLE BEDROOM SCENE

Even in this present age of sophistication, bedroom scenes are still supposed to be daring and "naughty." "Blind Wives," a Universal film, devotes a lot of space to such episodes, and Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin, as a husband and wife who fail singularly to hit it off, are seen above enjoying their usual morning tiff

THE INEVITABLE "FEMALE FORM DIVINE"

The American producer introduces an opportunity for the film fans to study figures whenever possible, and occasionally even when not possible. Above is seen the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, Mary Carlyle, whose appearance does much to justify their action

RUTH CHATTERTON, an excellent actress, has this artificial and exotic part to play. She does her best, but is it worth it? At the Empire Marion Davies, whose ability as a comedienne needs no eulogy, is given a rôle in "It's a Wise Child," in which she is suspected of being an expectant mother, and all the local males of being prospective fathers.

I am told that the daring situations are saved by delicate handling. But I would sooner hear the comments Marie Lloyd might have made in a similar situation; kid-glove sex is a nasty business compared to honest vulgarity.

I picked up a trade paper the other day, and on a single page discovered the following stories:

An actor-manager attracts a society girl, and refuses to disclose her name. He falls in love with her. A young fellow is engaged to her, and his mother turns out to be the actor-manager's greatest friend. Then the actor-manager is disclosed as being the boy's father. He gets very drunk in order to cure the girl of her infatuation for himself. Then there is this:

An irresponsible lieutenant saves a girl from a

THE INEVITABLE UNDRESSING SCENE

Lovely lingerie and lissome limbs are not born to blush unseen as far as the film producer is concerned, and if an undress occasion arises it is given full emphasis. Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkie

in the order I have mentioned, "Glamour," a British picture, "Daybreak," and "White Shoulders."

Each of them has technical polish and a cast that is worthy of better things. Seymour Hicks is responsible for the first; Ramon Novarro, Helen Chandler and Jean Hersholt for the second; and Jack Holt and Mary Astor for the third.

AMONGST the week's releases we have the same sex deification. "Blind Wives" postulates an adoring husband whose wife consults a psycho-analyst because she is bored with his devotion.

She is advised to live apart from him and earn her own living. She does so, until her husband, slightly exasperated, hits her on the jaw and brings her to her senses. America, of course, may find in this a salutary lesson.

It is certainly well acted by Genevieve Tobin and Conrad Nagel.

DECIDEDLY "77, Park Lane," is not as good a film as it was a stage play. Albert de Courville may be able to produce large-scale musical comedies, but he has not yet mastered the art of film direction, although his technical effects are excellent.

The cameraman has done wonders, but de Courville has made the farcical action too subsidiary to melodramatic part.

Dennis Neilson-Terry is not suited to the leading rôle of the absentee landlord, and Betty Stockfield is only fair.

But Malcolm Keen is excellent as a gangster, as is Ben Welldon as his assistant.

Two scenes from the British talkie version of Walter Hackett's successful play, "77, Park Lane." Esmond Knight, Betty Stockfield, Molly Johnson and Malcolm Keen are seen above in one of the exciting episodes, and inset is Dennis Neilson-Terry as the hero receiving assistance from the local constabulary

the pair with imprisonment unless they live together, but—after the seducer and husband number one are conveniently put out of the way—he decides he loves her.

These, I think, are fair samples of the sort of stuff that talkies consider dramatic entertainment. They are, man's unwelcome attentions, then proceeds to seduce her himself. She, disillusioned, accepts another man's attentions. The lieutenant happens to owe this man money, and the girl, giving the former the key of her flat, offers to pay for his attentions. Being a perfect gentleman, he refuses to accept the money, and as a reward for virtue, probably, his uncle clears up his debts and the pair marry.

THE third "sexation" concerns a rich man in search of pleasure who meets and marries an out-of-work actress. Naturally enough, she does not love him, and goes off with an attractive lover. The irate husband discovers she has been married previously, and that her lover is a first-class rogue. He proceeds to threaten

"PAGEANTITIS," the SEASON of CARNIVALS

Above: the Grand Finale to the Berkhamsted Pageant, with the performers massed in the arena. It took place in the grounds of the old castle, the walls of which provided a striking background for the scenes

Right: "Death Takes a Holiday" is the title of the new play at the Savoy Theatre. But Death—not to mention seven distinguished inhabitants of the Nether Regions—was en fête at Coventry during the recent carnival as this photograph testifies

A PICTURE OF THE PAST

The Marchioness of Bute, wearing dark robes, and Viscountess Tiverton seen leading the procession taking part in the historical pageant at Cardiff. It was held recently in the grounds of the Castle

Henry VIII (Lord Sandys) overhauls his Royal coach before departing to take part in the "Highway" Pageant. It was played in the ruins of Old Basing House, Basingstoke

PARIS GOSSIP

THE GRANDE SEMAINE AND SOME SURPRISES

By SYLVIA LYON

The Baroness Ezerdahelyi, a beautiful young Hungarian, who is widely known among yachting folk on the Riviera. She always affects a pipe in preference to cigarettes

THE Grande Semaine was a series of surprises, some grand and some not so good. Paul Claudel, the poet and French Ambassador at Washington, sent a telegram to the Quai d'Orsay on the twentieth of June saying that there was not the slightest fear of any changes in the Reparations agreements, and that all Americans are either grossly near-sighted or far-sighted. Considering what happened a few hours later, there is little doubt that Claudel needs a change of eye-glasses, and will probably get a change of air. At all events, how the telegram leaked out of the Quai d'Orsay to these pages is a mystery equal only to Claudel's mystery plays. I am reminded of the critic's trite advice to Joseph Hergesheimer, the American novelist, to follow the advertisement: "Don't Write: Telegraph." To Paul Claudel should be given as a motto: "Don't Telegraph, Either." M. Briand's embarrassment when Mr. Mellon dropped in following Claudel's statement was probably lessened by the fact that people were, this week, too good-natured really to care about anything.

WAS not the Aga Khan in town, accompanied by his Begum? Was not their disappointment over Cochet at Wimbledon lessened by Borotra, the prodigal son, returning to shake a tired tennis calf at the rush of parties? Did not Gloria Swanson inaugurate her racing colours at Auteuil and Longchamps: horses Pitt and Duchess of Marlborough, colours red and purple?

BUT let us talk of charity. The philanthropic organisation known as Les Amis de la France (philanthropies unknown) gave its annual dinner, not at the Ambassadeurs, as usual, but at the Permanent Museum of the Colonial Exhibition. This annual dinner costs a thousand francs a head. This year no dinner was visible. Several hundreds of people who were naïve enough to go should be stuffed and left on exhibition at the Permanent Museum as authentic types of members of the American, English, Roumanian, Argentine, and French Colonies in Paris. Nobody had any dinner at all. There were magnificent Spahis, delightful to look at, but hardly digestible. The crowd was so dense (in both senses) that people who had, in all good faith, paid out thousands of francs and had invited their friends, found themselves without their friends, for nobody could locate his party.

THIS would not have been so calamitous if, for example, four stranded guests had been able to run to earth one tomato and one plate of consommé. Fortunately, exotic fruits formed the decorations of walls and ceiling. One authentic duchess stood

(Continued on page 92)

The French Colonial Exhibition in Paris recently staged a Battle of Flowers which was quite as popular as any of those fought on the Riviera. Decorated cars are seen passing down one of the fine avenues in the Exhibition grounds before the "fighting" opened and which has added to the great success of the Exhibition

WILLS'S
"CAPSTAN" are Capital

BY K. BLACKMORE, R.B.A

THE DANCE

Some prominent members and officials of the Hendon Golf Club. In the front row are Mr. J. W. Greenshields, (Secretary), on the left, Mr. T. J. Cutting, Mr. B. J. Monro, Mr. L. W. Needham, (Captain), Dr. F. W. Andrew, Mr. H. Joad and Mr. F. E. Sneath. In the second row are seen, from left to right, Messrs. J. B. Mitchell, R. Petch, H. A. Nalder, H. M. Lush, A. K. Amester, H. Conder and H. Bradshaw

GOLF GOSSIP

By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

THE early history of Hendon Golf Club speaks wonders for the enthusiasm of the founders of the club. It was related to me by one of them at the nineteenth hole after enjoying two rounds on this delightful course.

In 1901 Mr. T. J. Cutting, Mr. Henry Simson, and the late Messrs. Mull and Earsman, having seen the late Lord Balfour, then Mr. A. J. Balfour, playing at Mitcham, became interested in golf, and, having purchased clubs, looked around for somewhere to play. They eventually approached Mr. E. Slade, the owner of Holders Hill Dairy Farm, and he agreed to allow them the use of his fields after the hay had been cut for £5.

* * *

A NINE-HOLE course was marked out, the four friends mowing and rolling the greens themselves, jam pots forming the holes, and branches of trees marking the greens. The farmer, Mr. Slade, was very interested and almost invariably walked around with players, carrying a gun, seldom failing to obtain a useful bag. Incidentally, Mr. Slade later became a keen golfer, and had a handicap of two.

* * *

QUITE a number of players came to see, and were allowed to use, the course; the principal trouble was with lost balls. Mr. Cutting told a story of one such visitor who was seen returning to the farm looking rather exhausted. Guessing that something was wrong, he was asked if he had enjoyed the game. He grunted an assent. Then someone said, "I suppose you lost a good many balls?" "Balls be jiggered, sir; I've lost my bag. I put it down in the grass and now I'm d—d if I can find it."

In 1902 there were about twelve players; the rent was increased to £7 10s. per annum, which included the use of a room in the farmhouse as a dressing room, the provision of a real farmhouse tea at 1s. per head, and the cutting of the grass around the greens. The first competition was arranged and the Hendon Golf Club was formed in that year.

SO the club progressed from year to year, great work being put in in the earlier years by those already mentioned and Archdeacon A. R. Buckland (an old Oxford Cricket Blue), Dr. Andrew and Sir William Turner. In 1926 the freehold of the course was purchased, and it was reconstructed by Mr. Colt. Two years ago a magnificent new club-house was erected. The membership is 680.

* * *

UNDER the presidency of Mr. Cutting and captaincy of Mr. L. W. Needham, and with such an energetic secretary as Mr. J. W. Greenshields, a real club spirit exists. Seldom have I found so much cheeriness at a nineteenth hole as is to be met with by the visitor to Hendon.

Three well-known personalities at the Hendon Golf Club. They are the Secretary, Mr. J. W. Greenshields, on the left, Mr. L. W. Needham, the Captain, in the centre, and Stewart Burns, the Professional

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 88)

The scene in the town of Montreuil-sur-Mer immediately after the unveiling of the statue to the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, which was subscribed for by the French people as a tribute to the British Commander-in-Chief. It was in Montreuil that the British General Headquarters were situated from 1916 onwards

on a chair and grabbed a grape-fruit. One determined lady, in the dash for errant food borne by clumsy waiters, had several glasses of warm champagne spilled over a perfectly beautiful white dress. As she shook out the dampened skirt a stray piece of ham fell from the folds. Her good-natured husband exclaimed: "I am sorry you did not discover the ham earlier. You might have been able to eat it."

THIS diatribe merely serves as a warning, dear readers, that next year, whosoever of you are in Paris, please do not attend a charity dinner given by Les Amis de la France. Charity begins at home.

On the other hand, a gay and utterly worthy benefit was the kermesse, starting with tea and ending with a generous cold supper at nine, given for the Foch Foundation Hospital at Suresnes. There was a bridge tournament organised by the Marquise de Laborde, a backgammon tournament organised by a lady whom I am tired of mentioning; there was a bar dispensing cocktails shaken by none other than Anita Loos. The gymkhana and tombola were run by Armand de la Rochefoucauld and Willie K. Vanderbilt III, and the whole affair managed by Madame Jacques Balsan. The tombola, moreover, was enthusiastically run by everybody and won by everybody, so munificently did private individuals, dressmakers, and modistes contribute. So much so that for several days Madame Balsan had to publish a list of winners who had not claimed prizes.

Admiral-of-the-Fleet Earl Jellicoe, representing the Prince of Wales, the Mayor of Montreuil, Lady Haig, and M. Maginot, the French Minister for War, at the unveiling of the statue to Earl Haig. Inset above: The Earl and Countess of Dudley, who were among the many well-known people who visited Montreuil for the unveiling ceremony

THE wedding of the week was that of Señorita Mercédès de Anchorena Uriburu to the Duke of Fernan Nuñez, with the Duke of Alba as witness for the groom, and a magnificent diamond tiara, diamond rivière, and pearls and pearls and pearls as gifts of the groom and the two families. . . . The job of the week was landed by Alfred Savoir, the playwright, author of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, *The Grand Duchess and the Head Waiter*, and *La Petite Catherine*. The job I speak of is an appointment at a huge salary by Paramount Films to supervise and control all their productions in France as well as the exhibition of all films imported from America.

S. L.

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY
FIRST CLASS
REFRESHMENTS
CRAWFORD'S
★★★
SCOTCH WHISKY
CRAWFORD'S
★★★★★
OLD LIQUEUR
BOO
W·H
"WHERE'S FATHER?"
A.&A. CRAWFORD·LEITH·SCOTLAND

BOOKS FOR ALL TASTES By "Junius"

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON was happily inspired when, as he himself says, two considerations, one money, the other letters from listeners, decided him to publish some extracts from his weekly wireless talks during last autumn and the present spring. We have them in *People and Things* (Constable: 5*s*.).

The broadcaster is in much the same position as the actor. He says his "little piece" at the microphone, and there is nothing more beyond the remembrance of what he has said. But the broadcaster has this advantage over the actor: he can publish his "little pieces," and, as I have said, in Mr. Nicolson's case it was a happy inspiration, since during his thirty-seven weekly causeries there was so much of current history, shrewdly observed, that was worth preserving—a fortuitous blending of wit and wisdom.

Of last year's Academy he said he had "seldom seen so many portraits of educational ladies at any exhibition. They make one quail. The flash in the eye of the generals and the admirals is but a puny little light compared with that searchlight gleam which emanates from the eye, from both eyes, of the principals of ladies' colleges. . . . In contrast to our distinguished women, our distinguished men of science, politics and municipal administration look positively benign."

Touching on the controversy over the Haig statue he says: "In 1980 people will not care in the least whether the Hardiman statue was or was not like Lord Haig; but they will care very much whether it is a beautiful or uninteresting object to have in the streets of London. The artist feels always that he is creating for posterity; the public, inevitably and rightly, care only for the immediate moment. Such discussions always make people angry. It is a good thing. Indignation, even misplaced indignation, is better in such matters than complete indifference."

Then on the smells of capitals and countries: "The strongest smell of all is the smell of Russia. It comes, I believe, from the fish-oil with which they cure their sheepskins. But the whole of Russia, from Poland to Vladivostok, smells of cod-liver oil."

THERE is an old French song in which each verse describes the love-making of a European nation, and I wonder if this song was M. Maurice Dekobra's inspiration in writing *Le Geste de Phryné*, which Mr. Metcalfe Wood has translated into English with the title *Phryné; or, Love as a Fine Art* (Werner Laurie: 7*s*. 6*d*.). The book opens with a disquisition on "Modesty as one of the Fine Arts" in the best Dekobra manner, witty, logical, satirical and greatly daring. Its conclusion is: "What is the use of expatiating further about modesty since we live in an age tending towards complete nudity? Nudity, like income tax, sleeping sickness and bridge, is one of the calamities of our poor twentieth century."

The remainder of the book, except for a "synoptical table" of the characteristic lips of the peoples of various countries, is a series of cosmopolitan love stories, what one may call "very free" in conception but restrained in description. "The Dossier Z.Z." is, I think, the most amusing. The wife of a governor hides her love-letters from her husband in an envelope marked "Dossier Z.Z. (to be opened in case of war with Japan). (Code P.I.F.);" and this dossier is solemnly handed over with all the other documents to the governor's successor. Some people will be highly diverted by the book; others, I expect, will be slightly shocked.

THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

Whose book, "Women and Politics," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Philip Allan at 6s.

THE Duchess of Atholl has already done considerable service to what is called the cause of women by her work in the House of Commons. She has added to that service by *Women and Politics* (Philip Allan: 6*s*.). There was a crying need for such a book, and I can think of no other woman so well equipped to write it as the Duchess, with her profound knowledge of affairs, her logic, her lack of all exaggerations and the lucidity and directness of her style.

"Most women," says the writer, "are keenly anxious to make good use of their citizenship, but few have had time or opportunity for any study." They have the opportunity in this book, which, as well as setting out our system of government and its working, deals with all the questions of the day as they affect women, such as the cost of living, social services, home life, education of children, business and factory management. An invaluable book for all women, whether they are politically inclined or not.

ANOTHER book especially for women, *Hotel and Restaurant Careers for Women* (Pitman: 5*s*.), by Ernest M. Porter, will be valuable to all those who are either already engaged in the business or who contemplate entering it. Most of us have no realisation of what a busy, complicated world lies in the working quarters of a large hotel. As Mr. Porter points out, the management of English hotels has altered so widely during the last few years that they offer pleasant, interesting and remunerative posts for women of energy and intelligence. Every position in a hotel is described, and there is an appendix showing how to obtain hotel employment.

IN the eighteenth century men in Liverpool and Bristol made big fortunes by sending out ships to the West Coast of Africa laden with cargoes with which they bought slaves. These were taken in place of the cargoes to the West Indies, where they were sold. It was a horrible traffic. Mr. Frank Pollard has taken it as the subject of *Slaves* (Grant Richards: 7*s*. 6*d*.). The scene is laid on a slave ship which sails from the Gulf of Guinea to Barbados, laden with over four hundred slaves. Mr. Pollard has made an intensive study of the subject, and from his material has written a realistic story of an ugly part of our maritime history. The slaver's fight with a pirate ship is thrilling. The conditions under which the slaves were taken to Barbados and battened under hatches were so horrible that the marvel is any of them survived the voyage. Mr. Pollard has steeped himself in his period, and also in its seamanship. Some of his descriptions of the manœuvring of sailing ships are masterly.

IF you want to read a really thrilling mystery story let me recommend *Watch Mr. Moh* (Hutchinson: 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Joan A. Cowdroy. Outwardly there would appear to be no connection between the theft of Lady Pomfret's necklace in an exclusive London club and the murder of an unknown man on an escalator. But there is, and you should read Miss Cowdroy's ingeniously constructed story to find out.

TRADER: "Sorry, sir, but I cannot accept cheques. Why, I wouldn't cash a cheque for my own mother!"

CUSTOMER: "Well, of course, you know your family better than I do!"

The first cigarette NEWS for over 40 years

. . . a filter-tip that holds throat irritants in check

The cigarettes with the filter-tip gained their first enthusiast in Sir Gerald du Maurier. As a mark of appreciation of their unique qualities he has permitted us to name them after him.

THROAT irritants cannot be removed from tobacco in course of manufacture because they only assert themselves when the cigarette is being smoked. They are a by-product of combustion.

And the filter-tip contains the only substance known to science capable of holding them in check. That is why men and women who value physical fitness are welcoming "du Maurier" Virginia—the cigarette that can truly claim to be non-irritant.

Another reason is that the filter-tip reveals a wealth of flavour and fragrance hitherto hidden. By cutting out the bad, the good is emphasised. Fine Virginia leaf becomes even more delectable. The proof is in the smoking.

THE du Maurier filter-tip has seven tangible advantages . . . It protects the lips and teeth from stain . . . It retains irritant "acrids" and is, therefore, the only effective method of preventing smoker's throat . . . It collects tobacco tar, thus guarding physical fitness . . . It stops bits of tobacco getting into the mouth . . . It avoids burning the tongue . . . It makes the smoke delightfully sweet and cool, bringing out the flavour . . . It gives a cleaner, healthier and more satisfying smoke.

Concerning du Maurier Virginia *The Lancet* (January 24th, 1931—page 194) writes: "We find these cigarettes to be cooler and less irritating to the mucous membrane than ordinary cigarettes of good quality without the filter-tip."

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50 for 2/6

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FLYING NOTES

AERIAL EVENT OF THE PAST AND FUTURE

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

The monoplane, "Winnie Mae," in which Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, inset left and right, completed their wonderful round-the-world flight of 16,500 miles in nine days. They won a prize of £4,000 offered by an American millionaire for a record flight

The Royal Air Force Display

As usual, the Clerk of the Weather provided a glorious day for the annual Service entertainment, and the cloudless sky provided a marvellous background for the silver-winged actors. And, again as usual, the whole performance was carried through without the slightest hitch, a matter only fully appreciated by those responsible for the organisation both on the ground and in the air. As far as the actual programme is concerned, opinions differ, as they always do. There were those who thought that it was the best ever, and those who thought that the events were not quite up to the usual standard. In one respect at least everyone was in agreement—the flying was superb.

The much-discussed Hawker Rolls-Royce "Furies" and "Harts" certainly did everything expected of them, but there were one or two weak places in the programme.

THE attack on the two-seater day-bomber was hardly convincing, at least to anyone who knew anything about air combat, and if the number of R.A.F. ties in evidence was any indication, there were many people present who knew a lot about it. Coming out of the Aero Club enclosure, I saw a man gazing upwards with an incredulous smile on his face. His finger was hooked round an imaginary trigger. The last time I saw him, which was 20,000ft. above the Vosges, his face wore the same expression, but he was swinging a pair of twin Lewis guns like a juggler on a scarlet blight of enemy aircraft on our tails.

"What do you think of it?" I said. His smile became a grin as recognition dawned.

"Oh," he whispered sadly, "if only the Fokkers had flown like that, wouldn' it have been beautiful."

Although it was not in the programme of main events, the converging bombing by No. 407 (Fleet Fighter Flight) was undoubtedly the star turn. It was a marvel of timing and accuracy, an exhibition of brilliant airmanship. The formation flying was as perfect throughout the programme as formation flying ever will be. Indeed, it has reached the rather unfortunate degree of perfection that makes it look easy, which is a pity, for it is far from being that. Perhaps the huge formation flights which are becoming a common feature on the films, and which more than make up in numbers what they lose in technique, are making people blasé. It is a pity that one of the tremendous mass fly-pasts which are a part of every American air show cannot be staged at Hendon. A hundred machines in the air together in almost any sort of formation is a more inspiring spectacle than two or three squadrons only in the most perfect formations. If Americans can put six hundred machines in the air together, surely we can do better than a single wing of twenty-seven machines at an annual display which for popularity ranks almost with the Derby.

Mr. and Mrs. Humble photographed at Stag Lane after flying to England from Cape Town in a Puss Moth. Their journey occupied eighteen days, and they took turns at the controls

On Playing the Game

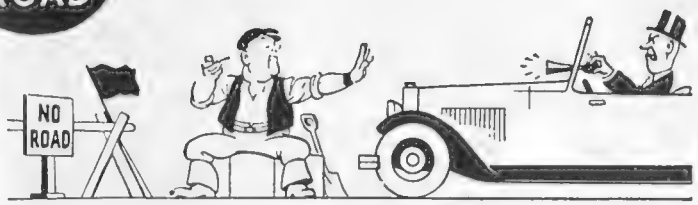
IT cannot be emphasised too much that pilots are under a serious obligation to state their destination when leaving any aerodrome, and, as regards overseas flights, this is essential to their safety. Professional pilots operating air liners or air taxis give no trouble in this respect, but amateurs have caused endless worry by hopping over the Channel without telling anyone about it. A young man left Paris recently for England by light plane without notifying the Control Officer at Le Bourget, and, in consequence, he was not reported to Croydon or Lympne as en route and was not missed for two days. He may be safe in the South of France or dead at the bottom of the Channel, but the fact remains that his thoughtlessness has caused not only anxiety to his friends but a waste of time and money in searching for him.

The King's Cup Race

THE annual race for the King's Cup will take place on Saturday, July 25, starting from Heston Air Park. For the first time in the history of the race, the start, an intermediate control, and the finish will all be at the same aerodrome. Starting at about 7 a.m., competitors will first fly a distance of about 730 miles via Norwich, Leeds, and Hooton, and are expected to reach Heston, the fourth control point, at about 4.15 p.m. After a halt of forty minutes' duration each machine will leave Heston again on the final lap by way of Shoreham and Bristol, the winning machine being expected at Heston about 8 p.m.

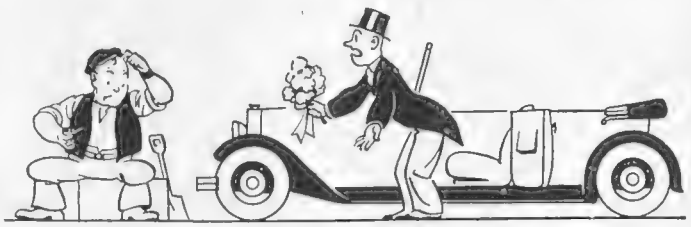
The progress of the race will be made known to visitors by means of loud speakers. Continuous flying will be in progress over the aerodrome, the principal event being the first appearance in this country of Udet, the well-known pilot, whose sensational flying in the film, "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," will be remembered.

'BP' RHYMES OF THE ROAD



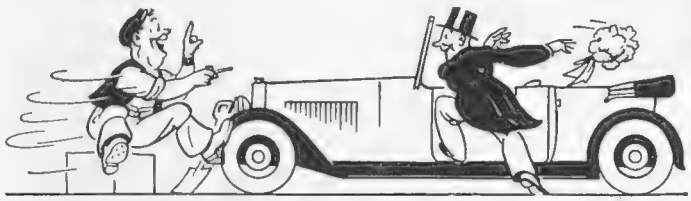
London Bridge is 'up' again,

'up' again, 'up' again!



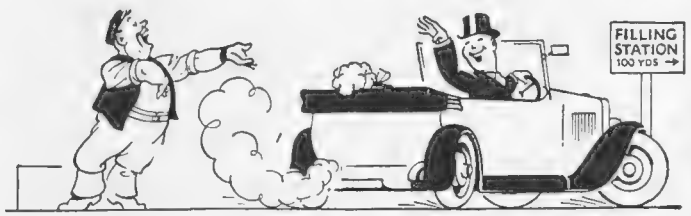
How can I cross in time to meet

my fair ladye?



Fill your tank with Plus 'BP',

Plus 'BP', Plus 'BP',



And you'll be there in time to greet

your fair ladye

The blue 'BP' plus *definitely ensures*:— instant starting + amazing acceleration + more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful hill-climbing + freedom from pinking

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"Hugh has just taken it up"

The Pipe: Not learning to fly, surely?

The Cigarette: Yes, why not? It's much the same as our learning to drive a car was 25 years ago.

The Pipe: I suppose so, but I'd be afraid to let my boy go jaunting about in the sky. Doesn't seem safe somehow. I can't see why the young people shouldn't be content with motoring, anyway.

The Cigarette: Just living in their own generation, that's all. Our parents said something like that when we gave up our ponies and traps! After all, now, why shouldn't Hugh fly? He's been taught properly—had expert tuition at Heston—he knows his machine through and through, and never takes risks. You know, the popularity of flying has gone up in leaps and bounds during the past year or two.

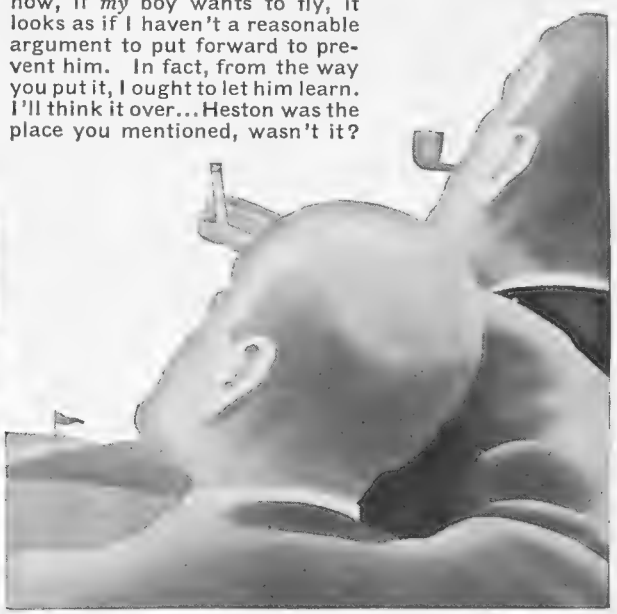
The Pipe: Yes, but frankly, is flying of any *real* value, apart from the fun it's supposed to give?

The Cigarette: Don't make a mistake; it's not only the pleasure side that attracts people. Think how useful flying can be to business. Why, a young man who pilots his own machine holds quite a big advantage these days.

The Pipe: But, really, doesn't Hugh find flying difficult . . . or shall we say, didn't he find it difficult to learn?

The Cigarette: Oh no! From what he's told me, he was actually piloting the machine himself after the first five minutes. The instructor had his own controls, of course. But now he's flying solo—on his own, that means.

The Pipe: You seem enthusiastic. I've a sneaking suspicion that you're rather keen to fly yourself. Anyhow, if *my* boy wants to fly, it looks as if I haven't a reasonable argument to put forward to prevent him. In fact, from the way you put it, I ought to let him learn. I'll think it over... Heston was the place you mentioned, wasn't it?



HESTON AIR PARK

Whatever you want to know about civil flying you can learn at Heston; about tuition, about aeroplanes, overhauls, hiring, and about the £ s. d. side of the question. (Incidentally, flying costs much less than you may think.)

Heston is equipped for every flying need. It is the only private aerodrome in England with Customs facilities. Already over 50 machines are hangared there. We have a book, an *interesting* book, called "About Heston." Perhaps you would care to read a copy? Write to Airwork Ltd., Heston Air Park, Hounslow, Middlesex. 'Phone: Hayes 410 (25 minutes from West End).

MOTOR NOTES

HELL'S BELLS!—IN OXFORD STREET

By E. M. Wright

COLOURED lights, bells, and a succession of one-way signs in Oxford Street may suggest ultra-modern traffic control. In fact, the chaos which has already resulted and which will inevitably grow worse as the system is brought into full operation is a return to the Dark Ages. Oxford Street to-day reminds me of the classic description—"yells, bells and smells"—with which a disgusted Briton summed up his impressions of a mediæval Italian town. There could surely be no stronger indictment of the whole scheme than the remark of a police official, that there had been no "noticeable increase" in accidents. What did he expect—a shambles that would solve the traffic problem by decimating the population! Most critics agree that traffic in Oxford Street itself is now faster; but everyone is equally agreed that congestion has become infinitely worse in the side streets. At considerable cost to the community the new methods have—so far—merely eased one street by shovelling traffic into another, and the net result is that the conditions to-day are worse than ever.

* * *

UNTIL very recently the mania for robot traffic control had left London unscathed. Would London hold out, I asked myself? I hoped it would; but I feared the worst. And now, when the civic fathers in the Provinces are beginning to lose their faith in these pretty toys, London has at last succumbed to their fascination. It may even come to pass that the Capital will buy up part-worn robots of which the Provinces have grown tired. In these pages nearly a year ago I wrote with feeling of the dire consequences which would follow the installation of robot traffic control in London. I may yet enjoy the doubtful satisfaction of being able to say, "I told you so." But that is little consolation if I have to suffer daily inconvenience and delay.

* * *

NO traffic robot is as efficient as a flesh and blood "Robert." At its best it is a makeshift substitute, but in nine cases out of ten it is for most of the day a hindrance and not a help. It saves a man's wages, but it does not, and it cannot, speed up traffic. From experience in the Provinces the very reverse is the case. If four policemen at a busy crossing cannot prevent traffic piling up in queues, the introduction of robot traffic signals in their place will only make matters ten times worse. However ingeniously devised, the automatic traffic signal cannot adapt itself to circumstances which change every minute of the day. It imposes hard and fast rules where the crying need is for flexibility and for adaptability. Why the authorities should ever have contemplated the substitution of signals for trained policemen in one of the busiest streets in London is a mystery only they can solve. To add insult to injury the machines are not even British, but have been imported (on loan, it is true) from America!

MR. W. E. BULLOCK

The Managing Director of Singer and Co., Ltd., controls the destinies of 8,000 employees on his own pay-roll and 2,000 others solely engaged on Singer work elsewhere. His son, Mr. W. Bullock, Junr., is General Manager of the Company and has just become the father of a son who will no doubt carry on the family tradition

* * *

FACED with the necessity of "doing something," the authorities have contented themselves with a piece of expensive window dressing. By installing gadgets which merely add to the confusion, they reveal once more their woeful inability to grapple seriously with the London traffic problem. We need a comprehensive scheme of reform which will envisage the whole of the central area, and which will regulate and control every type of vehicle using the roads.

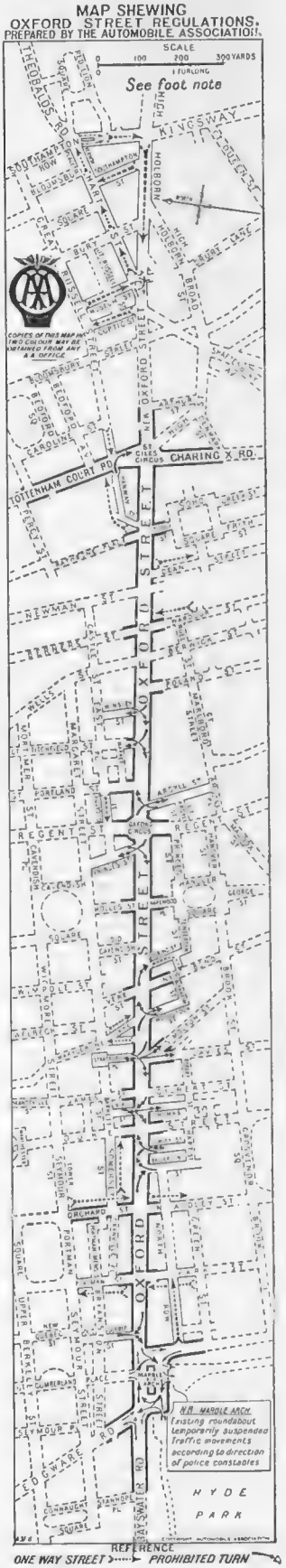
* * *

AS we see one after one of these piecemeal experiments in control either fail hopelessly, or give only temporary and limited relief, I sometimes ask myself whether we shall ever solve the problem of traffic in London. Nevertheless, I am convinced that schemes broadly conceived and vigorously applied would at least bring the problem within measurable proportions. London is not as a whole nearly so congested as one might at first imagine. Within a block or two of the most crowded arteries you may come across streets that are, comparatively speaking, almost empty. By zoning and routing different classes of traffic so that each street carried its fair share of the burden, much could be done to relieve the worst of the congestion. But there will still remain plague spots. One-way streets, for instance, will be of very little use if the traffic must ultimately converge on a few overloaded cross-roads. A few tunnels at these busy intersections might, as I have already suggested, bring relief. Again, any attempt to speed up London traffic will fail so long as the roads are a motley jumble of fast and slow-moving vehicles.

* * *

HORSE traffic has already been banned in a few streets, but so far the only noticeable result has been that side streets are cluttered up with heavy lorries and drays. The horse must be altogether banished from Central London, at any rate during the crowded hours of the day. And as for the trams, my views are so well known that I can only once more thunder,

(Continued on page 100)



A map prepared by the Automobile Association showing the new regulations for traffic using Oxford Street

It Must Be A . . . .

Yes! It *must* be a comfortable roomy car. An amply-powered, yet not expensively-run car. One that will maintain a brisk average from end to end, from one side to the other, of the country. A car that can be driven from dawn to dusk of a midsummer day without fatigue. One with dependable brakes. A car with finger-light steering. Noiseless. Perfectly sprung. Of first-rate appearance, inside and out. And not too costly, either to buy, to run, or to maintain, year after year.

Is that all?

Then what you want
is the New FORD De Luxe Fordor Saloon **£225**
AT WORKS, MANCHESTER (14.9 h.p., £5 extra)

Outside Tredegar Park, Newport, Mon.

It is the costliest of the New FORD Range, comprising six body-types; but it is *still* the most economically bought and most inexpensively used car of its carrying-capacity and performance.
Let the Nearest FORD Dealer demonstrate its ability to give you just the service you want, at your own idea of motoring expenditure *as it should be.*
He will be delighted to do that, on any of the half-dozen New FORD cars, from £180 upward, two, four or five-seated, open, convertible or enclosed.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson
AIRCRAFT

Ford Motor Company Limited, 88, Regent Street, London, W.1. Trafford Park, Manchester

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 98)

"delenda est——" alas! for my Latin, the ancients never had to invent a word for tramways.

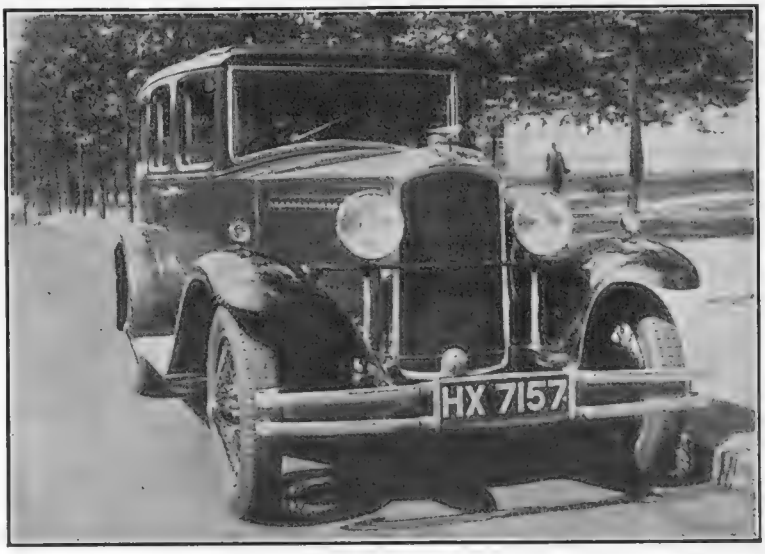
***

IF we drive away our trams, if we banish the horse, if we build bridges and dig tunnels, we will ease the traffic, but we will not cure congestion. There is only one way in the end to solve the problem, and that is to build roads capable of carrying the hundreds and thousands of vehicles which daily pass through the Central area of London. With the success of Kingsway to encourage us, I am astonished that so little has yet been done. With comparatively little shaping London could be threaded with broad arteries running from end to end, north and south, and east and west. It is time we ceased to play with fairy lights at street corners and seriously set ourselves to clear away shabby alleyways that are a disgrace to the Empire's capital, and are the prime cause of a congestion which grows worse every year.

IN THE NEWS

Light Car Relay Race

For the Relay Race organised by the Light Car Club 69 cars have been entered, which is an absolute record for a Brooklands event. The race takes place on Saturday, July 25, starting at 1.30, and will last for about four hours. Admission is only three shillings, and the race, I think, apart from its novelty, ought to be more than usually exciting. Not all the cars, of course, will be running at the same time, as teams of three cars will compete roughly on the lines of a relay race on foot; that is to say, when each car has completed its allotted number of laps the driver of the old car will hand over to his team-mate a token which is, of course, the signal for the next car to start. Incidentally the driver of the new car receives the token some little distance from his "mount," and has to run to it on foot. In this race, as in so many others this year, baby cars will be at it hammer and tongs. The Earl of March, for instance, has entered a team of three supercharged M.G. Midgets, and Captain Waite a team of three supercharged Austin Sevens, while there is also to be a team of three Frazer Nashes as well as a number of mixed teams. In all there will be seventeen Midgets, ten of which are supercharged, and fifteen Austin Sevens, eight of them being supercharged.



THE VAUXHALL CADET IN BIRDCAGE WALK

The Vauxhall Cadet remains one of the most popular cars in the country, in view of its speed, efficiency, and comparatively low price. The Cadet-Saloon in the picture, driven by the Editor, costs only £298 complete

The Value of Speed Attempts

Prince George is one of those who firmly believe in the value of speed attempts. During his visit to the Rolls-Royce works at Derby last week he saw two of the actual engines that are being built for the forthcoming Schneider Trophy Contest undergoing tests. The Prince was greatly impressed with the exhaustive nature of these tests, and remarked that he realised more than ever how valuable were the lessons learned in preparing for such attempts, since the knowledge gained was not only put to practical use in everyday Service aircraft, but was also of great value in motor car production.

A Useful Map

With these notes this week is an illustration of the map which the A.A. have just issued to help motorists who are not yet familiar with the new traffic arrangements in Oxford Street. This map gives all essential information regarding prohibited turnings to the right, one-way streets and speed restrictions, in addition to a summary of the regulations. It can be had free on application at any A.A. office.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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Do not miss the joys of the pleasant cruising days ahead —choose your craft NOW from the new and second-hand boats we have available for immediate delivery. Full particulars from:

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Free from pimples!

What a relief it is to know that your skin can be free of blemishes. Anoint it gently with CUTICURA OINTMENT, then wash off in a few minutes with CUTICURA SOAP and warm water. A very simple but satisfying treatment of pimples!

The CUTICURA Treatment has been used for years in thousands of homes throughout the world.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura

HAPPY RIVER DAYS

A colourful pageant of gay river parties. Days of zephyr breezes—lazy hours in the backwaters of England's many beautiful rivers—alfresco luncheons made the more enjoyable by the choice of a really good wine.

What an important part the wine plays. How good it is to know that to-day one can enjoy a truly delightful hock or burgundy—produced within the Empire. Burgoyne's South African Wines are well known for their excellent quality, and in particular Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy make an irresistible appeal to all who desire really good wines at a moderate price.

Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy are only 3/- per bottle and 1/7 per half bottle. Obtainable at all wine merchants. Make a note now.

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BY APPOINTMENT

P. B. Burgoyne & Co., Ltd.
Empire Wine Growers.

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Burgoyne's

PAARL AMBER HOCK & VELDT BURGUNDY

Woollands

QUALITY SALE

TO-DAY and DAILY.

Amazing Values from Woollands Own High Quality Stock.

The charm of this two-piece is in the contrasting colour. The wool crêpe dress, which is of a lighter shade than the coat, has short sleeves with the bodice beautifully embroidered with tucks. Plain three-quarter-length coat. Stock and small sizes. Coats in Brown, Black, Navy, Bottle, Red, Beige, with dress in contrasting shades. SALE PRICE 7½ Gns.

This is a very effective ensemble in wool crêpe with self material details. Neck daintily relieved with white. Colours: Lido, Beige, Bottle, Brown, Cherry, Navy, Black. Stocked in several sizes. SALE PRICE £5·18·6

REMNANTS HALF PRICE EACH THURSDAY.

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

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A delicious tested recipe is enclosed in every packet

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BEAGLES

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32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Fashions Fancies

A TAILORED SUIT AND WRAP COAT

The interest of the wrap coat worn by the seated figure is increased by the scarf arrangement, which is strapped with a contrasting colour. In this instance the colour scheme is pavement-gray and black. It was designed and carried out by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, and so was the smart black and white check suit

BLACK FROCKS WITH LINGERIE TOUCHES

MORE BARGAINS IN THE SALES

There is an indescribable smartness about the shoes that bear the name of Hanan. The one at the top is of dark brown kid trimmed with beige lizard, and the one below ornamented with black and grey lizard calf

It is in the Hanan Salons, 328, Oxford Street, that these shoes may be seen. The one at the top is of dark brown kid with beige piping, and the one below, which is an Astrild pump, is of navy blue calf

It is sale time at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, and among the many notable attractions is this handsome Persian lamb coat enriched with sable-dyed squirrel

Gaily Coloured Coats

A QUESTION that everyone is asking is how long will the velvet and silk coatees be able to stand the amount of affection that was expended on them at Ascot? It was an open secret that many of them were worn to camouflage the fact that the dress they accompanied was primarily destined for evening wear. Doubtless they will be seen at the Royal Garden Party and at Goodwood.

Take Thought for the Autumn

ALREADY the notable dressmakers on both sides of the Channel are taking thought for the autumn. The consensus of opinion is that for daytime wear black will be more modish than ever. The dresses will be of light woollen fabrics accompanied with a long coat which may be coloured—grey and black and white, as well as blue and white checks will have their rôles to play. Many of the hems will be vandyked. Narrow and wide belts will introduce telling touches of colour; again, necklines and sleeves will be finished with fine lace-knotted handkerchiefs. Pearls will return to favour, and in stones lovely rose quartz, aquamarine, and baby-blues will be well represented.

A Great Sale of Furs

IT is, indeed, splendid news that the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., are having a sale. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that there is a unique collection of Persian lamb coats trimmed with a variety of pelts offered at "give-away" prices. A typical example is pictured on this page. For 12 guineas there are long natural silver flank musquash coats, while those of mink-marmot are 18 guineas. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that French electric seal coats are 15 guineas. In the domain of small furs there are natural grey squirrel stoles worked in a chevron design for 5½ guineas, and this is the cost of two-skin-wide natural skunk stoles. The catalogue is ready, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. By the way, it must be related that this firm have no shop-windows, as their salons are situated on the first floor.

Footwear Improves by Keeping

IT is a universally accepted fact that footwear improves by keeping; therefore all and sundry must avail themselves of the golden opportunity offered by Hanan and Sons, 328, Oxford Street, summer sale. Included in it are one-strap shoes in brown or black kid with lizard ornament for 35*s.* per pair, usual price 45*s.* For 38*s.* 6*d.* there are neat tie shoes in dark brown and black calf with leather heels. Strong, hard-wearing brogue shoes in tan calf, with leather or crêpe soles, have had their prices reduced from 45*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.* Furthermore, there is a host of possibilities to explore in hosiery. Fine-gauge silk stockings with open-work clox are 4*s.* 11*d.* instead of 5*s.* 11*d.*, and there are summer-weight silk and wool marl mixture hose for 3*s.* 6*d.*, instead of 7*s.* 6*d.*

Irish Linens

GREAT bargains are to be obtained in Irish linens at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street. There are 1,000 Irish linen double damask table napkins for 14*s.* per dozen. A few days ago they were 23*s.* 9*d.* Linen tablecloths have had their prices curtailed by 33⅓ per cent. Bath towels, sizes about 27 × 54in., are 3*s.* 11*d.* each. Again, there are Turkish bath sheets, medium quality, for 5*s.* 11*d.* each. Neither must it be overlooked that there are unusual bargains in men's wear, as well as in the women's fashion sections. The catalogue is ready, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

A MILLION LIGHTS.. FAIRY SIGHTS..... EXOTIC NIGHTS...

EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR JULY.

INDO-CHINESE NIGHT: Torchlight Procession—Fête on the Lake of Cambodge—Concert by the Royal Native Guard of Hué.

INDO-CHINESE DAY: The Procession of the Dragon—The Play of Living Chessmen—Procession of King Luoc.

THIRD GRAND COLONIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: American Gala.

BELGIAN WEEK: Fête of Flowers—Concerts at the Theatre d'Eau—Torchlight Display—Gymnastic Fête.

THIRD CHILDREN'S GALA: Dances and Colonial Music.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: Gala of the Romance of the Colonies.

FÊTE OF THE COLONIAL ARMY: Historical Pageant from 1650 to to-day.

NIGHT FÊTE: Grand Illuminated Display on the Lake.

FOURTH GRAND COLONIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: Night Gala—Native Dances.

GRAND FANTASIA: Exhibition by the Spahi Regiments.

FOURTH CHILDREN'S GALA: Colonial Dances and Music.

AT THE THEATRE ANNAMITE: Conference and auditions on Indo-China.

GALA MUSIC of the Grenadier Guards and the Garde Républicaine.

Against the star-studded sky, sculptured towers, bathed in brilliant light, blaze in fantastic splendour . . . Fabulous animals, weird carven monsters, crouch motionless in the shadow of dark palms. . . .

Cunningly illuminated fountains spray showers of scintillating diamond cascades. . . .

In narrow Moroccan streets lamps shine on dark faces. Heavy Eastern perfumes are wafted on the breeze, and from native eating places come tempting spicy odours. . . .

The distant roar of lions adds to the illusion of being in a distant strange land. . . .

This is the Exhibition at night.

By day this mammoth spectacle is amazingly fascinating and instructive. At night it is a mystic land of enchantment—a veritable setting for a thousand and one nights' entertainment . . . alluring . . . mysterious . . . thrilling as the age-old East.

Myriad lights cleverly concealed shed eerie beauty on the transformed Bois de Vincennes, the lovely park where this colonial cosmos has been gathered for the delight of the Western world.

Hundreds of thousands of visitors are pouring into Paris to view this unique and magnificent production—to spend days seeing the marvels of the transported Orient and nights under the spell of this enchanted realm of exotic beauty. The Exhibition is open until October, but now is an excellent time to see for yourself fairy sights that probably will never be duplicated.

DORLAND

DOGS

WHICH BREED OF DOG? By Lady Kitty Ritson

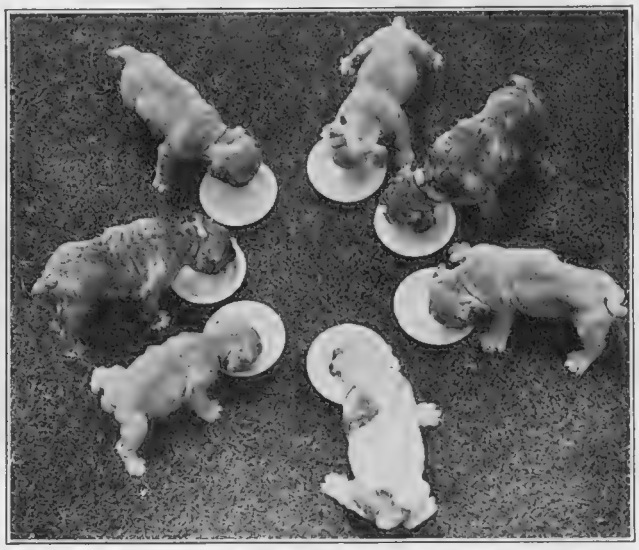
So often I am asked by people, What is the best breed of dog to keep? This is a big question, and depends upon many things. First, whether you live in the country or in a town. Secondly, whether you want the dog to be your constant companion, or whether it will be left a good deal to servants; and, thirdly, whether you want it to be a possible show-dog, or whether you intend to keep it merely as a pet.

S

Taken by and large, that typically English animal, the fox-terrier, is as good a choice as any for the family who want a companionable dog. But don't have a wire-haired terrier or yet a Sealyham unless you are prepared to keep them properly trimmed and respectable. A smooth fox-terrier is much the best, and is a charming companion, particularly if you don't buy one that is too fashionably bred, but get a dog with the old bullet head and sensible ways. Bull-terriers are the dearest of dogs, when you get a good one (they can be terribly silly and delicate), but a really nice one beats almost any other breed for charm, and, in addition, they are a real English breed, and I must say I have a fondness for dogs of our own island.

S

Irish terriers and Kerry Blues are as quarrelsome and undependable as may be—what else could you expect?—and Airedales are not too safe with other dogs. On the whole, for the person who is going to live in a town I advise either a fox- or a bull-terrier. A Pomeranian (the large size) is the most intelligent and charming companion, but it is not a dog that can be left to servants, for they are essentially one-man dogs.



"WE ARE SEVEN"

Pups of the bulldog breed lunching alfresco. They were bred by Miss Marjorie Elliott in her kennels at Upper Norwood

If you are living in the country you have a larger choice, and either a collie dog, an Alsatian, or a Scottish deer-hound is splendid. A collie dog is ideal in the nursery and will play with the children by the hour; an Alsatian is *the* companion for a man or woman who wants a dog that can be trained and as a constant friend, and a Scottish deer-hound is one of the most beautiful and lovely dogs in existence. A great deal depends upon the ancestors of all the dogs mentioned, because hardy forbears mean healthy feeders and good stamina.

S

Elk-hounds are nice dogs, but they need to be on the "go," because they are apt to get fat. They are handsome, medium-sized animals, and the bitches are very placid tempered. Foreign dogs such as Keeshonden and Afghans have not been in this country long enough for the peculiarities of the various strains to be known. I am assuming that you will buy a dog with a good pedigree, because it costs no more to feed, and it is always a pleasure to own a nice-looking dog. A bitch is much the better investment, but people have an extraordinary idea that they are a lot of trouble. True, they have to be shut up twice a year, but they never fight and they are most affectionate.

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16 in. ..	5/9	22 in. ..	15/9
18 in. ..	8/9	24 in. ..	22/9
20 in. ..	11/9	26 in. ..	26/9
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COGNAC FROMY

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

THE GOURMET — by Emilia

Luncheon

Œufs à la Matelote.

Soufflé de Saumon.

Côtelettes d'Agneau aux Epinards.
Pommes Nouvelles.

Brioche à la Parisienne.

Petites Crèmes de Fromage.

Café.

Œufs à la Matelote

POACH six or more eggs in white stock—chicken or veal. Then drain on a sieve or a cloth. Trim them carefully and place on previously prepared fried-bread croûtons. Chop an onion and three shallots very finely, fry them in butter in a shallow pan, add a little parsley and a bay-leaf. Strain off the butter and add some rich brown sauce and put back in the stewpan. Add a few chopped mushrooms and the juice of half a lemon. Put the dish with the eggs in the oven for a few minutes, and pour the sauce over.

MR. BARRY NEAME

Mine Host of the delightful Hind's Head Hotel at Bray, one of the most popular of up-river rendezvous

Soufflé de Saumon

MAKE a sauce with 2 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of flour and half a pint of milk, and stir till it thickens; add a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and the yolks of two eggs; rub half a pound of cooked salmon through a sieve, season well with cayenne and salt, and add to the other ingredients. Last of all, stir in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Grease a mould, put a buttered paper round, half fill with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven.

Cotelettes d'Agneau aux Epinards

TRIM and shape some neck cutlets, and broil over a clear fire, turning them frequently. When nearly cooked, season with pepper and salt, rub each side of the cutlets with chutney, put again over the fire, and broil for two minutes. Make a purée of spinach, and arrange in an entrée-dish. Stand the cutlets round this, and serve at once.

Brioche à la Parisienne

SCOOP out the inside of a brioche cake and keep this hot. Decorate the outside with "hundreds and thousands." Meanwhile, peel, seed and cut up any fruit to taste, such as bananas, strawberries, grapes, cherries, pineapple, etc. Boil this up in a sugar syrup flavoured with maraschino or Kirsch syrup; put it back in the cake, put on the top, and serve very hot.

Petites Crèmes de Fromage

MIX a small cream cheese with two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, one cupful of finely chopped walnuts, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Roll into small balls and serve.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Tidworth Tattoo

The ninth annual Tidworth Tattoo of the Southern Command will take place on Salisbury Plain on August 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, and promises to be a big success. The main spectacle will show scenes from the rebellion of 'Forty-Five, when Bonnie Prince Charlie made his daring and disastrous bid for the English throne. Every care has been taken to reproduce each detail of 1745 accurately, but since school children may find some points that are not strictly in accordance with their history books, the Tattoo authorities are repeating the "What's Wrong?" competition, with nightly prizes, and doubtless the youngsters will be as keen as ever to try to catch Homer nodding.

An Ancient English Game

Of late years that excellent game, stoolball, has grown considerably in favour, and this centuries-old pastime is continually gaining new adherents all over the country. Mr. W. W. Grantham, K.C., the Recorder of Deal, who is one of its most enthusiastic supporters and an accomplished player, has just brought out a second and enlarged edition of his book, "Stoolball and How to Play It." Published by W. B. Tattersall, Ltd., of 43-44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4, at one shilling and sixpence, it contains not only full details of the game, but traces its history from earliest times to the present day. To old players and new recruits alike this interesting little book will be certain to make an enormous appeal, and will also do much to add to the growing popularity of the game.

Helping Motorists

By the B. and N. Line Royal Mail route to Norway (Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bergen) motor cars, irrespective of size and weight, will, if accompanied by three passengers, be conveyed free of freight on the vessels. The extensive development of good roads in Norway during the past few years has opened up the most beautiful districts of the country which hitherto could only be traversed by the national pony carriage.

New Express Railroad Services

The forerunner of a comprehensive scheme for the conveyance of parcels by express rail and road services, covering the whole of its system, in order to meet the needs of the big London and provincial mail order firms, is announced by the Great Western Railway, and is but another example of the striking benefits accruing from the co-ordination of rail and road services. Parcels up to 1 cwt. may now be booked through from London or any G.W.R. station to 39 towns or villages in outlying districts within 20 miles of Oxford served by the City of Oxford Motor Services, Ltd. At each of these places agents have been appointed, and the new service, which is the first of its kind to be introduced by the company, enables parcels traffic to be conveyed by express services throughout — by rail to Oxford or Didcot and from these stations by the services operated by the road company. Outlying places are thereby brought into immediate touch with London and other parts of the country.

AN "A.A." ROAD WARNING IN INDIA

A warning board erected by a member of the Automobile Association outside the gates of the camp in the Kajuri Plain

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SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. The Cathedral.

GRANADA. Arrayanes Courtyard in the Alhambra

MADRID. Prado Museum.

EL ESCORIAL. Courtyard of the Evangelists.

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The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or the American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

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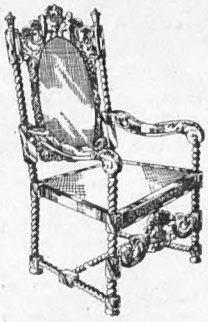

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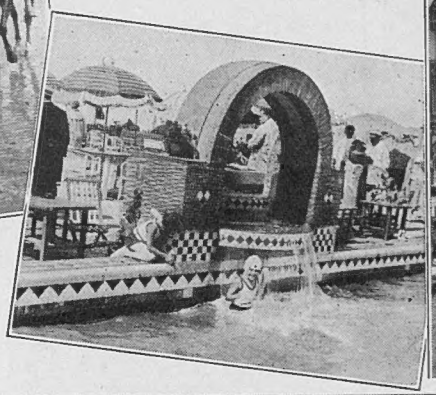

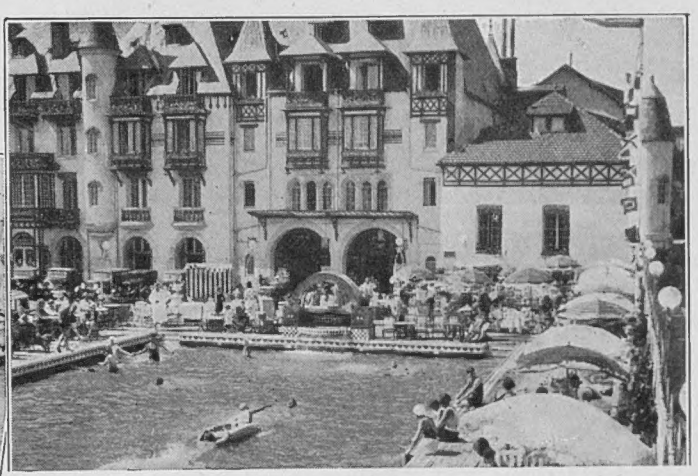

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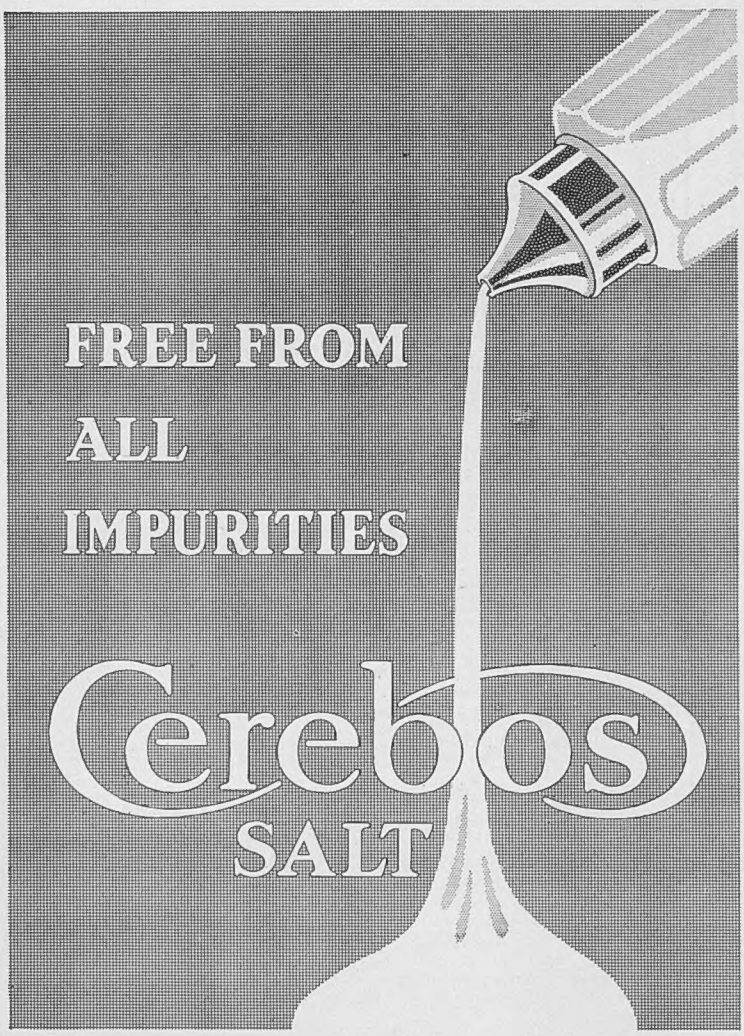

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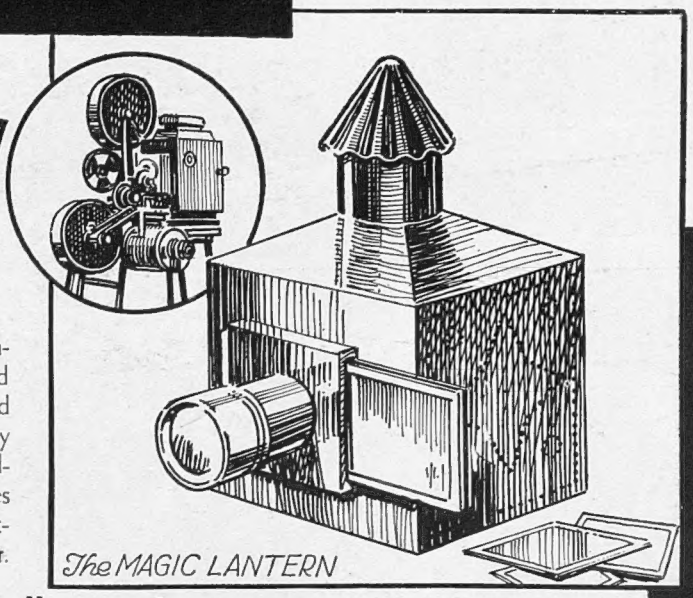

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